

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

21st Year. No. 46.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

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"Daddy, do you love Jesus?"

(See page 2.)

WHERE DOES THE DEVIL LIVE?

Some think the devil lives in hell, where he can do no harm,
And that we mortals on this earth have no cause for alarm;
Some think he lives in distant climes, as yet by men unknown,
That there he has a dwelling-place reserved to him alone.

Some say he lives in prison cells, with criminals of the land,
While others say the rum saloon is where he takes his stand;
Some say he lives in gambling-dens, the playhouse, with its glaze—
'Tis true the devil lives in such, but yet he lives elsewhere.

Some say he lives in wretched homes, where cursing may be heard,
Where men and women never pray, nor read God's Holy Word,
Where strife and malice may be found, and human furies appear;
The devil lives in all such homes, and yet he lives elsewhere.

Where does the devil live? you ask. Let me attempt to tell.
He lives in this fair world of ours, and not alone in hell.
The Bible makes this matter plain—this book of truth and worth—
That Satan wanders to and fro in every part of earth.
His lives in palaces of men, where grandeur meets the eye,
Where kings and nobles, wrapped in self, forgot their God on high;
He lives in splendid homes to-day, where wealth and ease abound,
Where all refinement may be seen, but Christ can ne'er be found.

He lives in some big churches, too, regardless of what name,
Where formal worship has a place, where words are said in vain;
Where eloquence alone is sought, without the Spirit's power,
Where charming music meets the ear from singers in the choir.

Again, he lives in hearts of men unchanged by grace
Where sin and darkness fill a place where Jesus does not shine;
'Tis there the devil loves to live, 'tis there he reigns supreme,
'Tis there he tempts to all that's wrong, though by the eye unseen.

The men to-day with sinful hearts must entertain this foe,
And tens of thousands have been led to everlasting woe.
When Satan lives within the heart he ruin brings to all—
Kings, nobles, princes, high and low, without respect shall fall.

Though Satan lives in every heart thus in a state of sin,
Yet Jesus can evict this foe, and live Himself within;
He claims the right of every heart, 'tis there He wants to live,
And those who come to Him in faith He'll graciously forgive.

Does Satan live within your heart, I ask, kind reader, now?
Are you his slave through all these years, and to his will must bow?
Perhaps you've tried to free your heart from this accursed foe,
But human strength cannot avail, as many thousands know.

There is but One who has the power to drive him from your heart,
And give you freedom, give you peace, and light and love impart;
Yea, Jesus Christ alone is He who all your foes can quell;
He died to vanquish Satan's power and save your soul from hell.

If Satan lives within your heart, then come to Christ to-day,
Forsake your sins, believe His Word, He'll wash your guilt away;
He'll take the place within your heart where Satan once did reign,
And if you serve Him to the end eternal life you'll gain.

BIRD'S NEST IN BANANA BUNCH.

(Princeton correspondence Indianapolis News.)

While pulling bananas from a stalk to-day Buck Chanco discovered a bird's nest with three eggs. The nest is in the centre of the bunch, and so cozily had it been constructed that neither the nest nor the eggs had been disturbed in transit.

The bananas are part of a shipment from Florida, a few days ago. The nest is constructed of fine moss and the fibre of a banana tree.

Daddy, Do You Love Jesus?

(To Our Frontispiece.)

He was a fine, good-natured young fellow, blessed with Christian parentage and cradled amid sacred influences. Endowed with more than average intellectual ability, he revelled in the book-world—anything savoring of the mysterious and taxing his reasoning powers especially attracted him.

So it came about that his love of reading threw him in the way of temptation.

Infidel literature, insidious sceptical books fell into his hands, and he pored over them to his peril.

Then, casting over his mother's faith, he prided in unbelief, and styled himself "an infidel."

Who can solve the great unknown? Naught but Infinity can explain the infinite. While the veil of mortality hides the source of everlasting life from finite reason, it is vain for man to attempt to deny its supreme existence because he cannot see or fathom it.

Time is but the ante-chamber of eternity, and when death is swallowed up by immortality, and every human and physical limitation be removed, "we shall know as we are known," and look back upon boasted reason's foolish quibbles, as maturity looks upon infancy with pitying gaze.

Only Faith becomes mortals restricted by human fallacy, for however much a dog may bark at the moon he can not obliterate her shining face.

It was a strange inconsistency—the young sceptic sought him out a Christian girl to wife.

Neither did he seek or desire to hinder her in the exercise of her faith; and when three children came into the home, and their winsome ways and artless prattle gave him food for fatherly thoughts, he did not wish to influence or check their innate conception and love for religion.

To the mission hall they went with their mother, and learnt to love Jesus, the Son of God.

There were two boys and a little girl—she was the joy and delight of her father's eyes.

Sometimes when fondling her lovingly, and she would turn her frank little face upward to his, asking such questions as, "Daddy, do you love Jesus?" he found it difficult indeed

to evade her childish enquiry, or find an answer.

One sad day Effie sickened and died. He was heart-broken, and although he had pretended all along not to believe in heaven, yet deep in his breast he preferred to think that his little girl had gone there.

Again and again her searching little question rang in his memory. The silent voice still seemed to be speaking—

"Daddy, do you love Jesus?"

At last, in his grief and agony, he knelt beside her open casket, and threw over for ever his infidelity.

"Oh, God of mercy, save me," he cried, "for the sake of Thy Son Jesus."

Then stealing o'er his heart came God's sweet peace and sense of forgiving love. God saved him then and there, and so once more the good old book stands verified, for it says, "A little child shall lead them."

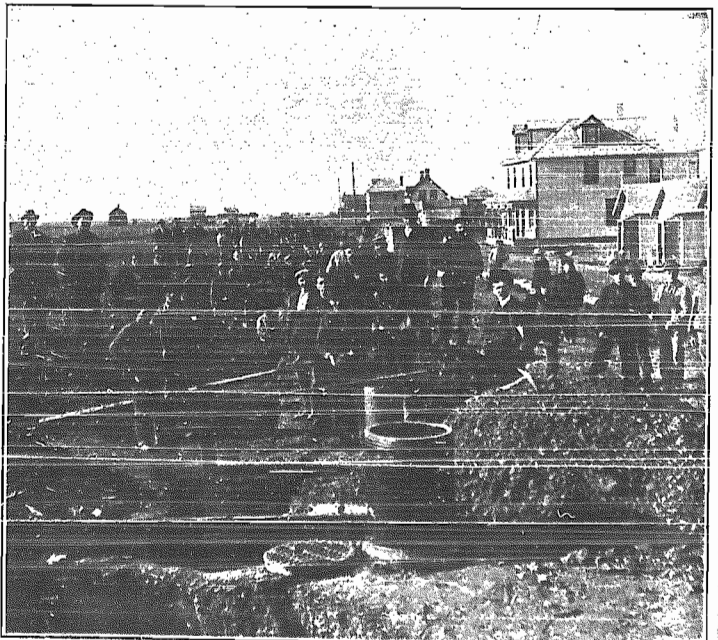
WITH THY MIGHT.

In one of the large railway offices in America is a comparatively young man, who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the service of the company, some years ago, he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest-paid work in the department. The first day of his employment by the company a man who had been at work in the same room for six years approached him and gave him a little advice.

"Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. It makes no difference how hard you work, or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. That's my advice."

The young man thought over the "advice," and after a quiet little struggle with himself he decided to do the best and the most he knew how, whether he received any more pay from the company or not. At the end of the year the company raised his wages and advanced him to a more responsible position, and in five years he was head clerk in the department; and the man who had condescended to give the greenhorn "advice" was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before.

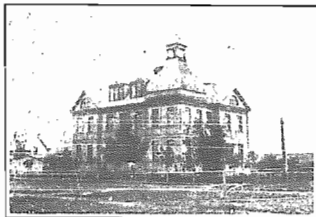
This is the story of a young man who exists in flesh and blood to-day, and is ready to give "advice" to other young men just beginning to work their way into business.



Regina City Sewerage Works.

Regina and District.

Here are a few plain facts. At present the city's population is 7,000. It is the capital and seat of Government of the new Province of Saskatchewan, as well as the headquarters of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and the usual place for the sessions of the Supreme Court. There is also a Land Titles Office and a District Dominion Lands Office; also a commodious Dominion immigration building. There are five schools in the city, as well as a High School and Normal School.



High School, Regina.

There are four weekly newspapers and one daily newspaper and a very active Board of Trade. Five branches of chartered banks, with a total capital of \$23,000,000; five hotels; boarding houses and restaurants, while as to merchandise, every branch is supplied by large, well-stocked stores. The professions are well represented. The elevator capacity is ample, there being 170 elevators, with a capacity of 6,000,000 bushels in the district; also a flour mill in the city. The Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Greek, and Roman Catholic have each a place of worship. Several of the above are rebuilding for more accommodation. Temperance and missionary work are active throughout the district. The city and vicinity are remarkably free from crime, etc. The city has also a splendid new hospital with modern equipment. The municipal government of the city is entrusted to an elected council, presided over by a Mayor. A rigorous policy of municipal ownership of franchises has been inaugurated. The result is we have an up-to-date electric light service, also a splendid gravitation water-works system, as well as sewer system, which is at present under construction. In fact, Regina shows itself an up-to-date city, thoroughly justifying the title "Queen City."

The main line of the Canadian Pacific bisects the city, which is also the southern terminus of the Regina & Prince Albert Railway, that serves a number of fertile districts, extending 250 miles to the north, and the western terminus of the Arcola extension, which also traverses a rich and fertile country, 150 miles of which is tributary to the Queen City, Regina. The same may be said of the Soo Line. In addition to these the Canadian Northern Railway will soon pass through this

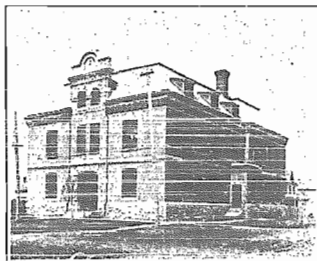
city, and the Grand Trunk Pacific will no doubt tap the district.

The land in the immediate vicinity of Regina is good, fertile, and rich; in fact, the wheat grown in this district has been selected by the United States authorities for seed grain. Not only is the grain good, but the yield is great. The average yield per acre for seven years was 20.06 bushels.

Mixed farming has been found the most profitable as a rule, although some have confined themselves exclusively to cattle and others to wheat. There are no free homesteads except in the new districts north of Regina, while the raw prairie now fetches from eight to fifteen dollars per acre.

An additional sign of progress is seen in the building operations of the last two years. Several hundred houses have already gone up this year, far surpassing any previous year. Many public buildings, too, are in course of erection. Among them are: Post Office, Customs Office, two schools, City Hall, beautiful new bank lately finished, new Leader Office, and others. It is estimated the value of new buildings recently erected or approaching completion reaches nearly a million dollars.

Several large storehouses, well stocked, are situated here, also two foundries, two planing mills, furniture and fittings manufacturing, a steam laundry, a pork packing establishment, two brick yards, and some minor undertakings.



Court House, Regina.

Something over a year ago the Salvation Army stood in a rather peculiar position, the hall which they occupied being rented over their heads, notice was served them to vacate their quarters. In order to keep up their old reputation, "Never give in," they found it necessary to build for themselves. A lot was secured at a cost of \$875. Some said it would be a failure; but two noble officers like Capt. Fleming and Lieut. Miller are not to be defeated, for inside of a few weeks they had the lot cleared, and Adj. McRae and Ensign Lacey started work. Shortly after was seen a snug little barracks and quarters emerging from a lot surrounded with snow and ice.

The Queen City having increased so rapidly, the Army, not to be behind the times, has risen with it. To-day our soldiers number forty-nine in good standing. Over sixty souls in the last ten months have professed conversion, seventeen of that number having been enrolled as soldiers. Six are now waiting enrollment, and quite a number have joined themselves to the churches, while others found work in the surrounding country places. A two-months-old baby band of ten pieces is now in existence. Comments are being passed daily of the boys' progress, considering the short time they have been playing.

Last Sunday we had the honor of a return visit from Ensign Lacey (not Lazy, oh, no). If anyone knows how to interest a crowd, he does; so it was voted on all sides. Everybody was in love with him (the boys, I mean—he's married) and will ever welcome him back to Regina. The Ensign passed some creditable remarks upon the advancement of the S. A. work, as well as the prosperous condition of the city. The prospects for advancement of the Kingdom of God in this place are good. May God hasten the day when all shall know Him.—C. K. H.



The Mayor, H. W. Laird.

Who Presided at the Opening of the S. A. Barracks, Regina.

Gleanings from the General's Addresses at the I. Congress.

Get all the knowledge you can—knowledge is important, but not essential to salvation.

Are you doing the will of God as it is done in heaven? His will is the law of my life.

It is reasonable to run in the way of God's commandments. The devils in hell think it is reasonable.

If a man builds a house he has a right to live in it. God is the builder of our body—He has a right to live in it.

Backslider, if ever the gates of hell close against you, the worm that will bite most sorely will be the memory of who you were here.

I am a Doctor of the Science of Salvation. I don't want anyone to sing a song that has not a chorus that I can have a go in, too.

In our day-schools we not only teach the three R's—reading, riting, and rithmetic; we go higher than that—on to Regeneration.

You are making the kind of Salvationists that will walk the earth five hundred years hence.

Preach the Gospel of faith and work—what God has joined together let not man put asunder.—Gathered by Mrs. Ensign Ritchie.

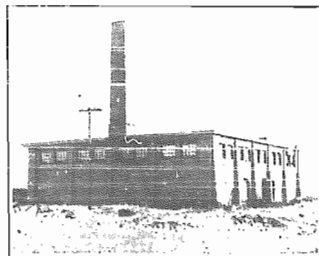
A CALAMITY IN CHINA

Five Hundred Perish.

A despatch from Victoria, B.C., says: News was received by the Empress of India of the drowning of more than 500 Chinese, as a result of the collapse of an overcrowded mat shed on the banks of the West River, near Canton. Outside Szui City, northwest of Canton, a large gathering had assembled to witness the dragon boat festival. Dense crowds flocked to a mat shed built over the river. The structure gave way and precipitated all into the river. A few saved themselves.



Lawyer Balford.



Electric Power House, Regina.

Brigadier Frank Smith

Returns from South America, and Speaks of the Promising Outlook.

Brigadier Frank Smith, who has just returned from South America, was promptly interviewed by a representative of the War Cry.

"How long were you in South America?" asked our representative.

"Ten weeks," replied the Brigadier. "I visited all the corps and outposts in the two Republics of Uruguay and Argentina, and had great meetings. In some places as many as one thousand people assembled. The policy of taking theatres for the meetings was fully justified. Speaking generally, I do not think there is any country where the Army has a higher reputation. The authorities, from Government Ministers to policemen, are very friendly."

"The Army has opened a Sailors' Home?"

"Yes, in the Port of Engineer White—a port named after a celebrated English engineer—which is already a great success. Within a month of its opening one of the most noted crimps in South America sold up and cleared out, realizing that his occupation was gone."

"Who is in charge of the Home?"

"A Welshman—Ensign Thomas—an old sailor, who understands the business. He was converted in the country in our Seaman's Mission. As you know, the Government gave us a grant of land to build the Home."

"As to work generally, what are the conditions?"

"In the first place, the spirit of the officers is superb. Their devotion and loyalty under extreme difficulties are wonderful. Their great difficulty is the wide-spread field of operations and lack of communication one with another. Very often they are twelve months without an officers' meeting. Some of the outposts are 130 miles from a corps."

"What is the attitude of the people?"

"They listen gladly to us; but many have ceased to take any practical interest in religion. We have to combat their indifference."

"You went to Brazil?"

"Yes; prospecting. Brazil is a vast country with great mineral wealth; but the power of the Church there is much stronger than in either of the two other Republics."

"What are the prospects there?"

"Very good, so far as an open field, population and money are concerned; and as far as I could hear there would be no violent opposition."

The Social Work.

"I suppose the work in the Argentine and Uruguay is mostly missionary?"

"Yes; but I am hoping as the result of my visit extensions will take place which will greatly improve our position. As regards Social Work, the opportunities are immense."

"Have we done anything much in the Social line?"

"We have Shelter and Lodging-house accommodation in Buenos Ayres, and also in Montevideo, with seamen's work attached, together with the Sailors' Home at Engineer White. These all have the sympathetic co-operation of the various Consuls in the towns."

"In Montevideo, while I was there, the Swedish Consul sent a shipwrecked crew of eighteen men to our place. The Consuls of other countries have also sent us shipwrecked men. The Benevolent Society in Buenos Ayres has likewise given a grant to the Army for an officer to attend every day on the premises connected with the Scotch Church. He has an office there, and all applicants go to him. They recognize the fact that the Army can do the work much better than they can do it."

"The influence of the Army touches the sailors who come to the country?"

"During my visit as many as fifteen in a week have been converted at one corps in Buenos Ayres. Every ship arriving is visited by an officer, and it is no uncommon thing

for the captain to head a subscription list which is handed round to the crew."

The Emigration Question.

"Did you raise the question of emigration?"

"I failed to see the President of Uruguay because the appointment miscarried; but I saw the Prime Minister in regard to colonization and emigration. I found he knew a good deal about the Army, and the interview was most friendly. The Minister of the Interior of the Argentine also received me, and listened attentively to all I had to say concerning the emigration work of the Army, and said they were always ready to welcome suitable labor, and that the resources of their Emigration Department might be relied on to meet the Army in any possible way. He showed me plans of lands in the south which were open for colonization, and offered me a free pass to see them. I was assured that emigrants backed by the Army would be certain of their best attention."

"Do you think there is a good chance for colonization?"

"Yes, for colonization other than emigration. The language is the difficulty. I saw colonies of Russians, Poles, Danes, and Jews, doing well. Continental emigrants easily pick up the language. The country is very productive, but wages are not high from the British standpoint. The Italian emigrant is satisfied with very little, and as the majority are Italians, they, of course, set the pace. But all the time things are improving."

It may be added that on the voyage home, the Brigadier conducted services on board the steamer, with good results; and gave acceptable illustrated lectures on the general work of the Army.

SALVATIONIST IN RUSSIA

Conducts Meetings at Reval, and Has 124 Souls.

At the old Icehouse Corps in Hull there is a soldier who was once in His Majesty's navy. He was converted about two years ago, and was employed at the Hull Gas Works, where he undertook to conduct salvation meetings, "on his own," with the men around him.

Temporarily falling out of work, he got a berth as fireman on board a ship bound for Russia, and, as our correspondent puts it, "God told him He had something for him to do there."

At St. Petersburg he could not find an opening, but at Reval he got into touch with a Swedish evangelist, and after praying about the matter, a meeting was arranged.

When it came off, the building in which it was held was packed, and as the Swedish

friend had made it extensively known that a Salvationist from England would address the people, the Russians of the town and district were very curious to hear him. One of them, indeed, came a hundred miles to attend the meeting, and he and twenty-three others got converted.

Our comrade is only a working-man with a heart full of the love of God, but he testified to such effect that immediately this meeting was over he was driven to a larger hall, where no less than sixty souls were added to the twenty-four already recorded.

He afterwards conducted two more meetings, and forty more souls were converted, including a mate of the ship which took him to Russia.

Our comrade—who has returned to Hull—is an out-and-out Salvationist.

TWO PRISON SCENES.

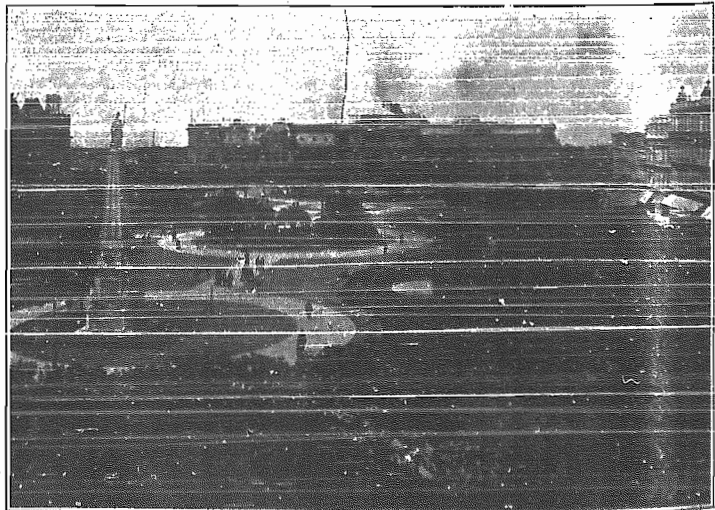
By Mrs. Blanche Johnstone.

One bright young man, tall and fine-looking, the son of a Christian mother, wept bitterly as he stood behind the bars in the Toronto Jail. I had known him and his mother some time previously in a northern town. Then he was a promising, highly-respected fellow, with good prospects before him. I had seen by the Toronto papers that he had been sent to prison for stealing. When I put my hand through the bars to shake hands with him and to talk to him about the Saviour, who even then, in his despairing state, could save him, he sobbed audibly and exclaimed: "Oh, it was the drink and bad company that brought me here!"

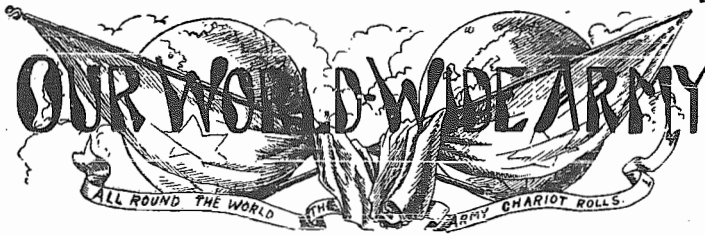
In the chapel of a large Canadian prison, among hundreds of convicts, sat an interesting, clever-looking man. His head was bowed low before him, as he realized his terrible position. A criminal, an outcast from the society in which he had once been a leader. He was cultured, educated, and in his early life had been brilliant in his profession. When approached at the close of the service and questioned as to his life's history, he told a sad story of failure and shame. For fifteen years he had been a minister of the Gospel; honored and respected by his people. He had gradually drifted from his high estate by indulging in the "moderate glass." He had lost his position, and then rapidly descended the social scale, until, while under the influence of wine, he had committed the deed which had caused his incarceration in a felon's cell.

This drink evil, like many other evils, has a small beginning.

It always grows out of the first glass.



The Principal Plaza of Buenos Aires, Argentina, with Government House in the Background.



PROGRESS IN SWEDEN.

Commissioner Rees' Hopeful Report.

"One of the features of our work in Sweden which has impressed me most," said Commissioner Rees, the Swedish Territorial Leader, as he chatted with a War Cry representative at Haddleigh Farm Colony, "is the deeply spiritual nature of the meetings held in the summer time, when the people practically live out of doors. This being the case, and indoor meetings being well-nigh impossible, we take the Gospel to them by lake and steamboat, and hold meetings in the heart of the woods."

"An English Salvationist," said the Commissioner, "would perhaps conclude that if you hire a steamboat and go down the river it is simply a pleasure trip. Nothing of the kind. Prayer meetings are held here, there and everywhere. Little groups worship together, and getting hold of some unconverted visitor, press him into the Kingdom. On Midsummer day it was extremely hot, and we had permission from the King's Chamberlain to hold our meetings in the grounds of Drottningholm Palace, on the shores of the beautiful Lake Mälar. We had four steamers, well loaded, and accommodating a thousand soldiers and friends. Landing there at half-past ten, we began our meetings at eleven, the people listening for two hours and a-quarter. It was as good a salvation meeting as any you could get in London. Other crowded meetings were held during the day, and we finished up with quite a number of conversions."

"We have also reopened our children's summer colony, which is situated on an island in the Baltic. In Sweden we take the poorest children away from the crowded city for two or three months at a time, and at present we have fifty-four on the island. They are selected from the poorest classes, and the people subscribe liberally to this fund. This year we got a thousand kroner from the funds collected on 'Children's Saturday,' so that this year we shall be able to increase the number we take away. Our Slum Officers, who superintend the work, are greatly revered. In one town the leading newspaper appealed for money, and raised five hundred kroner for the Slum Work. The editor also suggested that the authorities of the town should pay the rent of the house occupied by the Slum Officers. The Burgomaster gladly fell in with the idea, so that the officers have been relieved of this anxiety."

"Then the Army is progressing in Sweden?" said the Cry representative.

"Most certainly," replied the Commissioner.

A Swedish Bishop.

"In spite of much misrepresentation, the people are friendly, I think I may say, from the lowest to the highest. Only the other day I was traveling with a Swedish Bishop, who made very friendly references to our work."

"The Swedes have a great love of the Bible, and you can always interest them with a Bible-reading. When they become Salvationists, they are very devoted, and stick to the prayer-meetings in a way which might set an example to some corps at home."

"You have quite a number of bands?"

"Yes; and we are developing them. The bandsmen show a fine fighting spirit, staying to the finish with the soldiers. Major Ostby has recently been appointed head of our Musical Department, and is now engaged in preparing a new tune-book, which will contain seven hundred good tunes."

"What about the Training, Commissioner?"

"We are improving the Training system, and have considerably increased the accommodation of the Home. When we start our next session, in August, the Cadets will go through an exactly similar course of training to that given to the Cadets at Clapton. Then there is a great movement going forward in the way of harmonizing the training. Brigadier Larsson, an officer of experience and ability, has been made secretary of this branch of the work."

It may be added that the Commissioner, who was only in England for a brief visit, is "in love" with Sweden. Mrs. Rees is much better, and taking an active part in the work.

FINLAND.

Colonel Hay, Chief Secretary for Great Britain, has just returned from Finland, much impressed with the way in which Salvation Army work is spreading in all directions in that interesting country. In speaking of the attitude of the people in Finland towards the Army, the Colonel says:

"They are both sympathetic and respectful, especially the Finns themselves, both in town and country. The Russians also treat us very well. In the streets the Russian officers will raise their hats to our officers, and some of them are exceedingly friendly. Our Temple is at No. 1, Helsingfors, in which city there is also another corps with five hundred soldiers on the roll. Our Rescue Home, where thirty women are accommodated, is another fine property, and is to be enlarged. Our Home of Rest, a large building which cost \$5,000, is situated opposite the residence of the Governor-General, just outside the city."

DENMARK.

166 Surrenders at the Congress.

The Danish Congress at Copenhagen, just concluded, was, writes our correspondent, remarkable for spiritual fervor and results, in spite of the fact that there were outside attractions, including a cattle show which had over a hundred thousand visitors on the Sunday.

The Salvation Army Temple was filled at each public meeting, and some five thousand people attended the open-air in the King's Gardens.

Colonel Whatmore, representing the General, was supported by Lieut. Colonel Bregline.

These officers shared the burden of the meetings, although following their own distinct line of thought. Our English Colonel dealt with the practical and such matters as affect the work of the soldier and the officer; while with characteristic clearness the American officer spoke of sanctification and holiness.

This arrangement was found to work admirably in making the best of the Congress, and Acting-Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, with Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Howard, supported the visitors with great effect and heartiness.

Of course the General was missed, many of the visitors asking, "Where is the white-haired patriarch who swayed the audiences in former years?"

On the Sunday night there was a touching incident. One of the penitents proved to be a poor girl who had once been an inmate of our Danish Rescue Home, but, giving way to

sudden temptation, left it to resume a life of sin. She kept in touch with the Army, however, and after sobbing out her sorrow at the penitent-form, joined the Rescue Officer in a return to the Home.

In all 166 souls surrendered. The officers were overjoyed, and the Congress closed with the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, shouts of thanksgiving, and the singing of "God be with you till we meet again."

SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Salvation Army has in New Zealand thirteen Social institutions—four for men and nine for women. The former comprise Prison-Gate Homes in Auckland and Christchurch, with Shelters and Metropoles in Auckland and Wellington. The one in Auckland is a spacious building, and is doing an excellent work. The latter institutions consist of Rescue and Maternity Homes in Christchurch, Dunedin, Auckland, and Wellington, with an additional Home for Girls in the last-named city. The statistics show that during the past year the accommodation provided by these Homes was availed of to a large extent by the particular class of people for whom these institutions were designed, cases having been obtained from prisons, police-courts, and numerous other sources. The percentage of unsatisfactory cases is encouragingly small. Most of the persons whom the Army seeks to benefit, after passing through the Homes, have either been sent to situations, restored to friends, happily married, or have attained an otherwise satisfactory destiny.

A total of 31,331 meals and 24,901 beds have been provided during the past year at the Workman's Hotel, Wellington, and the year's record for the People's Palace, Auckland, shows 170,865 meals and 28,756 beds as being supplied.

The Army's social institutions throughout the colony are well known for the good work accomplished in connection with them. They have also been recognized in a practical manner by the Government. His Excellency, the Governor of the Colony, Lord Plunket, and Lady Plunket have greatly interested themselves in the Social Work since their arrival in New Zealand.

WEST INDIES.

The Jamaica Daily Telegraph gives a well-displayed account of the Salvation Army Congress in the town hall of that city. The halls were crowded, and "the marches through the city, headed by the brass band," says the Telegraph, "have been both an attraction and an advertisement. In the language of a bystander, it has 'preached a sermon half a mile long.'"

The key-note of the Congress was struck by Lieut. Colonel Rauch, and the presence of Major Jackson from International Headquarters was "an inspiration."

Among those who attracted special attention was Adjutant Ghurib Das, dressed in East Indian costume, and walking about barefooted. He told the story of his conversion, and how it led up to his consecration for special work among the coolies.

Next week we hope to give some further details, with a series of beautiful Jamaican views.

LADY HELY-HUTCHINSON

Inspects Our Cape Town Institutions.

On a recent afternoon, Lady Hely-Hutchinson, wife of the Governor of Cape Colony, visited our Cape Town institutions for women, expressing herself as much gratified with all she saw. The visit was all the more appreciated by the officers in charge because it was made entirely on Lady Hely-Hutchinson's own initiative, and was intended as a practical proof of her sympathy with the work of the Army amongst Cape Town women.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE.

THE GREATEST BOOK.

A successful writer of the present day, being asked to what source he owed his literary style, replied: "The source of my 'style,' as you are pleased to term it, is the Bible. I began reading that earlier than I can remember. Nothing has taken hold of my heart and soul like the Bible." This is not the first man who has thus paid tribute to the Book of all books.

Where will you find such poetry? Milton said: "There are no songs like the songs of Zion."

Or such oratory? Daniel Webster said, "If there is naught of eloquence in me, it is because I learned the Scriptures at my mother's knee."

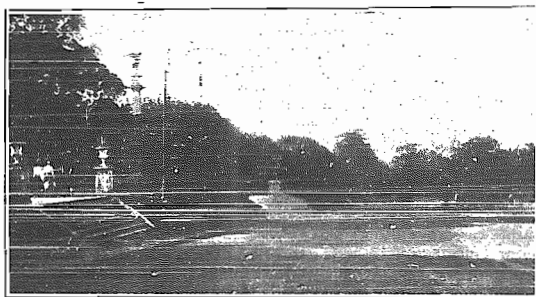
Or such logic? Lord Bacon said: "There is no philosophy like that of the Scriptures."

Or unity and completeness of beauty and power? Froude said: "The Bible is in and of itself a liberal education."

Or what book or books can compare with it. Sir Walter Scott said, "Bring me the book." "What book?" "There is but one book—the Bible."

A DAY'S JOURNEY IN THE ISLAND OF CRETE.

A day's ride in Crete leads you through every variety of scenery, from a flat, treeless plain, past grey olive and dark green carob trees, over gently



One of the Beautiful Avenues of Buenos Aires.

rising hills, and across a chain of rugged mountains, along dizzy heights beneath which yawn deep ravines and gorges. Even in the interior the sea is seldom out of sight, and its deep blue combined with the intense blue of the sky forms a striking contrast to the violet shades of the mountains and the white cliffs along the shore. The vegetation, too, changes with the character of the land. In the flat, sandy plains near the sea lie cultivated fields, where vegetables and grain grow luxuriantly as a result of careful tillage and a primitive system of irrigation from well sweeps. Often the foothills of the bare mountains abound in natural springs, and then the vegetation is almost tropical in its luxuriance. Fig, orange, lemon and pomegranate trees interlace their branches, and by the edge of the streams the pink oleanders make bowers of loveliness. Higher up in the mountains are groves of oak, chestnut, and plane, but the top of a Cretan mountain is almost bare, except for a low, scrubby growth of carob trees, or, in the spring, when the rough hillsides are veiled in the misty lavender of the asphodel. To a lover of wild flowers the Cretan flora would be a deep source of delight. Great blue and pink anemones, scarlet poppies, wild gladioli, and later the fairy-like myrtle blossoms and scores of other flowers make the journey a continual joy. Vineyards are found everywhere in Crete; in the low plains by the sea, on the terraces of mountain valleys, and even up on the great plateau near the Kavousi mountain range, the highest point where the vine is cultivated in this part of the world.

A Cretan town is always situated on a height, and it looks most attractive to see a white village crowning the summit of a hill or nestling in a dark mountain side; but, as you approach, the apparent whiteness grows darker and darker, and you find yourself riding into a little town along narrow, tortuous alleys, with pigs and sheep and cattle getting in your way and all the inhabitants standing in the doorways or on the housetops to greet you.—Scribner's Magazine.

IN THE LAND OF THE GUILLEMOTS.

Immense and lonely, like the battlements of walls of a forgotten city of giants, Flamborough's white cliffs towered high and sleepy and indifferent above the restless sea which lapped their bases and broke in creamy foam on the submerged rock-fragments at their feet. Strangely like are those cliffs to the work of man—towers and bastions and barbicans, great flanking walls of solid white masonry, five hundred courses high; here and there narrow Gothic

arches, flying buttresses, and all the intricate stonework of an old cathedral. Who laid those beds of huge stone with the regular mortar-like interspaces?

"It was all deposited as a sea-bottom," says my geological companion, as we scrambled along the grassy top with a perpetual quiver of fright at the tremendous depths beneath.

But, if so, how comes it that those thin horizontal layers of darker color are so regularly spaced? Did the sea hold a sort of centenary calendar, and deposit gravel instead of chalk for a few months at the end of every hundred years?

These lonely rocks are not really lonely. They are the cities of the guillemot, and every ledge and nook and recess in their steep battlements is crowded with those quaint, clumsy birds. Down on the green water below guillemots are sprinkled thickly, as though by a pepper-box, seaweed and disputing and clattering with a terrible din. On the ledges they stand in their white-breasted thousands, surveying the great flat sea like the Arab in his snowy burnoose looking over the desert. And on little patches of grass are their green and tawny eggs, bigger than a hen's, and pointed at one end like a peg-top, so that they shall not roll off.

And now we have a thrilling sight, for one of the egg-gatherers is going to descend. Tall, brawny, bearded, with big helmet to save his head from loosened stones, he is let down at the end of a rope, and walks backwards down the rough perpendicular cliff. At each step he bounces himself away from the rock, sometimes ten yards or so, and yet he always manages to swing back on the other foot. As he descends showers of birds fall off the cliff, for the guillemot turns a backward somersault into the air when he wants to fly. It is a fearful sight to see that man swinging lower and lower till he gets no bigger than a bird, swinging to a ledge, picking up a few eggs, and putting them into the satchel on his back, and always managing to approach those jagged rocks feet foremost. At last he jerks the rope and begins to walk upward, bringing enough eggs to fill a large market basket. And after this desperate adventure one egg in five goes to the landowner for rent.—London Daily News.

WOMEN IN TURKEY.

The condition of life among our sisters behind the lattices, while still so very different from our own and so hedged about by the laws of their land, are not without their changes along the line of progress. While outward things remain much as they have always been, the thought-like going on behind thousands of latticed women in Turkey are widened and changed. The President of the American College for Women, in Constantinople, writes in The Forum that an intimate acquaintance with the inner life of the Turkish women show that they have, many of them, a high degree of literary culture, and a thoughtful attitude of mind, and that their thoughts range over a very broad field.

To-day there are in Turkey three regular grades for Mussulman girls—high, secondary, and primary. There is as yet only one high school for girls in the Turkish Empire. It is a kind of normal school, aiming to train teachers for other schools. The course of study includes arithmetic, geography, history, ethics, pedagogy, Arabic and Persian, composition and domestic science.

Teaching in a girls' school is a profession open to the Turkish women, married or single. One instance is related of a married Turkish woman teaching in a secondary school, while her husband takes care of the children and looks after the house-keeping. The salaries vary from—in our money—nine to forty-four dollars a month.

It is in literary work that the advanced Turkish women have most distinguished themselves, and there are several who have published works both in poetry and prose. Several years ago the "Hanumlar Gazetesi," or Woman's Journal, edited by women alone, was started at Constantinople. The venture was not a very marked success,

There are always a few Turkish girls to be found in the foreign schools, and not infrequently women of the educated classes speak French, German, and English.

The best-established and most lucrative professions for women of Turkey is nursing. Of later years, no Mohammedan nurse is expected to practice unless she has a diploma from the Medical School.

The influence of Turkish women in general affairs is greater than it is usually supposed to be. They have, for one thing, complete control over their own property. According to the Mohammedan law, any woman may buy or sell, alienate or bequeath, without her husband's authorization. Marriage does not incapacitate in any legal sense. Women's evidence is admitted in the courts of law, but two female witnesses are required to oppose one male witness.

THE OLDEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD.

One of the most curious exhibits at the St. Louis Fair was a giant tortoise that weighed 970 pounds, and was reputed to be over two hundred and fifty years old. This ancient was discovered on an island of Seychelles by a man searching for interesting specimens, and after the strongest assurances that it would be returned to the islanders, who for generations had regarded it as a kind of god, he picked it up and brought it to this country. We have evidence that the creature was enjoying life more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and was then looked on with immense pride because of its maturity, so it is almost certain that the hour of its birth was over a century before that again. This makes the elephant, which often passes five score years, and is supposed to be the longest-lived animal on the globe, seem quite a baby in comparison.

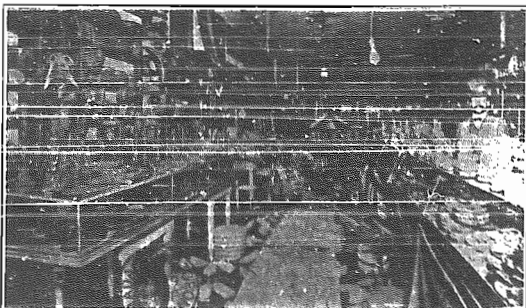
Of course, the giant shell shows signs of time and age, and from a crevice in its back a tiny palm tree has begun to sprout, but the dweller within seems as if perfectly unaware that he was outstaying his limit upon this earth, and continued to waddle about with a truly youthful vigor.—Outing.

A TALE OF THE PIGTAIL.

As the readiest test for distinguishing between a genuine Chinaman and a Japanese spy masquerading as such, the Russian puts the pigtail of the suspect. If it comes off in their hands the man is adjudged a Japanese. It is an ingenious test, and recalls the fact that until two hundred and sixty years ago the Chinaman did not wear his hair in a queue. Previous to 1644 the Chinese clothed themselves and dressed their hair as the Japanese do now, for the Japanese borrowed their national costume from China, and what is supposed to be Japanese native dress is really the dress of the Chinese under the Ming dynasty. Thus, until the middle of the seventeenth century Japanese and Chinese dressed alike. Then the Manchu Tartars conquered China, and, abolishing the old native costume, they imposed the pigtail upon the Chinese as a badge of servitude, while the Japanese have retained their old borrowed costume. Why the Tartars wore their hair in a pigtail is a curious question. As a race they depended almost for their existence upon the horse, and in respect for it the Tartar dressed his hair in imitation of the horse's tail. They shaped their garments in equine form also, and Chinese officials still wear coats with sleeves shaped like a horse's leg and ending in an unmistakable hoof.—Westminster Gazette.

THE SMITHS—AND OTHERS.

The fact that the name Smith occupies the largest space in the English directories is indicative of the broad basis from which our present metal-working industries began to develop, when Thomas the Smith and John the Smith were smiths indeed. On the continent—as, indeed, the history of the crafts of various nations would tend us to expect—this indication is not so marked. Although the Berlin Directory registers some 5,000 Schmidts, yet the Schultzes and Mullers are more numerous. The Jansen family is the largest of all in Brussels, and in the Paris Directory that of Martinet. In Naples, the names Morelli and Vetelli run one another closely for precedence. Taking a line around the world, however, Smith is the most familiar name.—Manchester Guardian.



Interior of Indian Curio Store, Victoria, B.C.

How to Put the Fire Out.

BY THE GENERAL.

My Dear Comrades,—

I have reason to believe that my previous Letters on the Fire have been read with profit, and that a blessed flame of love to God and souls has been kindled in many corps which, if only fostered, will grow hotter and hotter and prove a blessing to multitudes of souls.

Again I beg you not to despise the day of small things. Perhaps you cannot, as yet, see much of a flame in your corps—perhaps you can only see a little smoke. Remember, however, that where there is smoke there is fire, and act on the advice of your Lord, and do not quench the smoking flax; fan it into a blaze.

How you can do this I described in my last letter; but it has occurred to me that, instead of giving any further directions how to keep the fire burning, it might be useful and interesting to suggest one or two of the most effective methods of putting it out. And the first suggestion I make is—

1. Leave it alone. Neglect it, and it will die out of itself. Do not trouble to feed it by singing and prayer or talking or anything else, either in public or private. Leave it to the Captain—whose business it chiefly is—or to those of your comrades who profess to care more about such things. Let them sing and shout and wrestle with God and sinners in the open-airs and indoors. Let them weep over the backsliders and hardened sinners and cold-hearted soldiers and unsaved children. You have your work, your friends, your family, or something else, to see to, and cannot be expected to trouble yourself about keeping up a holy Fire either in seniors or juniors. Leave it alone.

This is the first plan I propose, and if any reasonable number of soldiers, in any corps where a Fire is burning, will adopt it, the Holy Spirit will, I fancy, soon be grieved and disappointed, and the Fire will go out, and the corps will be left cold and hard, and perhaps go on to starve to death altogether.

2. Another effective plan for quenching the Fire is to find fault about it. While you do not move a hand to help it, keep criticizing the work done to maintain it by other comrades. Object to the methods adopted or the consequences that follow. Speak plainly against the noise made or the unpleasant feelings created in the minds of the proud, half-starved soldiers, or declare against it because some respectable, empty professors of religion in the neighborhood are displeased, and say you are bringing a disgrace on religion.

3. Another most effective method of damping down the Fire is for a few soldiers to have an open quarrel round it. A wrangle with the Captain, or a disagreement with the Sergeant-Major, or with somebody else, will serve the purpose. It does not matter much what it is about—whether the money, the juniors, the meetings, or the band. Anything will do that makes plenty of bitter feelings, hard words, and uncharitable suspicions. These are the things to put out the Fire. A very little malice, or revenge, or suspicion, will damp down the most wonderful flame. The devil considers this one of the best methods in his knowledge for putting out the holy Fire of Christlike love and heavenly gladness. Oh, the holy flames all over the world in general, and over the Salvation Army in particular, that have been put out by the adoption of this plan.

4. Buffoonery, jesting, joking, silly laughter and lightness are all or any of them wonderfully effective in grieving the Holy Spirit, driving Him away, and extinguishing the Fire.

5. Worldliness is the sworn enemy of the holy Fire. Perhaps no method more effectively keeps the God of Fire away from those who profess to be His people than this. The Spirit of God is opposed to the spirit of the world. Therefore, if you want to grieve

the Holy Spirit, and put out any fire that may be burning in the hearts of your comrades, or on the altar of your corps, bring in the worldly spirit. There are any number of ways of doing this—such as games, parties, recreations, or anything else got up for mere amusement, apart from the well-being of those who take part in them. Christmas, the New Year season, and holidays in general, are famous times for this kind of Fire-quenching. It is quite notorious that revivals, and spiritual awakenings, and Holy Ghost Fires in general, where God is exalted and the dying Christ and soul-saving are to be to the front, suffer at such festive periods. But, alas! the worldly, Fire-quenching business goes forward all the year round.

6. There are many other methods by which the holy flame can be quenched, but I can only notice one more, and that certainly is a trump-card of the devil, namely, scandal. Now, where the devil can manage to bring this about he is sure of effectively damaging the Fire if he does not damp it out altogether. And where he cannot raise a public scandal, if he can manage to bring out to public notice some glaring inconsistencies of the soldiers, this will answer his end. Oh, how careful my dear comrades ought to be how they live before their families and the world when any false step can do such serious damage to the blessed Fire of the Holy Spirit!

He "Thought Something Was Wrong."

An Incident of the Army's Recent Day of Prayer.

By C. I. D.

The Army's recent "Day of Prayer" in many towns was characterized chiefly by an entire absence of any forced excitement. The "Hallelujahs" lay quiet for the time being, the big drum had a rest, and soldiers and friends laid aside their respective terms to join together in seeking the one power, without which every manner of service to God is utterly useless.

Among those who attended that holy day's meetings in one town was a young minister whose ministry was a failure.

A Heart-Sickening Sense of His

own unworthiness had taken possession of him. The attitude of his people towards him was one of cold disfavor. He had done the best he was capable of to make a success of his calling, but all to no purpose. In the matter of preaching he had been particularly careful, studying long hours each day, to the exclusion of many other duties connected with the church, so that he might preach acceptably, and thus reach the hearts of the people; but without success. For two years he had labored among them, and dissatisfaction was mutual. Indifference, coldness, deadness characterized every service, and now that the time had come for him to leave them, there were no regrets on either side.

In this state of utter discouragement,

So Dangerous to Any

Christian worker, but especially so to a leader of God's people, he attended the Army's "Day of Prayer." How he came to be present—whether anybody invited him, or whether he was simply led there by the Holy Spirit—I cannot tell; but he was there, spending the day before God, and seeking the cause of his failure in his own heart and life, guided by the Spirit of truth and the prayers and confessions of God's people.

7. But enough. I need not go further. Yes, I must say another word, for I can fancy I hear some soldier asking the question, "Why do these things interfere with the Fire of love to God and man?" I answer—

(a) Because they turn away attention from the main business for which the corps exists, which is the maintenance of this Fire. The soldiers are taken up with other things and neglect their own affairs.

(b) Because they interfere with faith. Soldiers lose heart and cast away their confidence. "Oh," they say, "this will ruin our revival."

(c) They stop the flow of the spirit of prayer. Soldiers say, "It is no use praying. God won't help us."

(d) The lessening of faith weakens effort, and altogether destroys the spiritual work of the corps.

(e) The Holy Spirit is grieved and takes His flight.

8. Oh, my comrades, do not allow the devil to lead you astray. Keep your eye on the Fire. Guard it with sacred vigilance and necessary care.

Have you, my comrades here assembled, been guilty of any conduct in the past that has lowered the Fire in your corps, or in your own soul? Do go down this very moment and ask God to forgive you, and hand yourselves over, one and all, afresh to the Holy Spirit, to do anything and everything He desires that will create and maintain the Fire.

[This letter appeared in a series printed in 1900, but it seems to us so appropriate to present day needs that we reprint it.—Ed.]

The truth came at last—the whole truth—as is usually the case when one sincerely desires it. Slowly, but powerfully.

Light Dawned on His Disheartened Soul.

He saw that he had been nothing but a religious machine, turning out sermons without color or patterns, because the holy designer had been absent. He had lacked the main thing—the power of the Holy Ghost.

The past two years of hard, assiduous toil looked mean, contemptible, and useless, and he resolved, before God, never again to attempt anything in his own strength. He re-consecrated his life, but this time he determined to go on in God's way, and he guided entirely by the Holy Spirit.

The Spirit took possession of his yielded soul, and he went back to his church a new man.

He thought that his first duty was to make a public confession to his people, and did so on the following Sunday morning. It was not an easy thing to do, and his humiliation was complete when he found that it was received with cold displeasure. One steward coolly informed him that he always suspected something was wrong, but had thought he had mistaken his calling. That the minister was not right in his soul was an unpardonable offence, and not one single person offered a word of consolation or encouragement. Probably they were

Too Stunned to Think

of it, or perhaps the Christianity of the twentieth century is too unmerciful and exacting to be of much use in a case like this.

In spite of all this, however, he resolved to do something in the short space of time that was to elapse before his departure for a new sphere of labor. He held revival services during the week, which God honored with great power and blessing, and he had the joy of seeing a number of souls seek salvation—the first fruits of his ministry.

In his farewell address he told the people that never again would he go on the old lines, but that henceforth the Holy Spirit would control his life and work.

Let us pray that, in his new circuit, the power so quietly and yet so abundantly obtained in the Army's "Day of Prayer," will work unhindered, and that many, very many, souls will be born into the Kingdom of Heaven as a result.

THE WAR CRY.

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Promotions—

Lieut. Jennie Whales to be Captain.
Lieut. Odessa Jones to be Captain.
Lieut. Peter Glenn to be Captain.

Appointments—

BRIGADIER COLLIER to New Ontario Division.
STAFF-CAPT. McAMMOND to Peterboro Corps and District.
STAFF-CAPT. COOMBS to Winnipeg.
ADJT. NEWMAN to Lisgar St.
ADJT. HYDE to Barrie Corps and District.
ADJT. WAKEFIELD to Ottawa Corps and District.
ADJT. E. HAYES to Vancouver.
ENSIGN WILSON to Collingwood.
ENSIGN McELHENNEY to Temple, Toronto.
ENSIGN RITCHIE to Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
ENSIGN BERRY to Gananogue.
ENSIGN TRUCKEY to Sydney.
ENSIGN LEADLEY to Lindsay.
ENSIGN OXFORD to Bonaville Corps and District.
ENSIGN MAGEE to Portage la Prairie.
ENSIGN MOULTON to St. John's Men's Social.
ENSIGN CAMPBELL, T. F. S., Eastern Province.
THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

Journeying Mercies. Once again as an Army our debt of gratitude and praise unto God is increased, in that His sheltering wings have been o'erspread for the protection of our beloved General and his party during their world-wide travels.

Latest advices announce his safe arrival in England, back in the Old Land, and, thank God, he is reported to be in good health, and filled with pleasure in anticipation of the great Motor Campaign from Folkestone in the South to Glasgow, away up in Scotland, and back again to London.

By the time this issue reaches our readers the initial stages of this exceptional Salvation Tour will be well advanced, and a strong, earnest prayer-cable should be continually upholding the General from this side the ocean.

Special Features of the Motor Campaign.

The arrangements for this wonderful effort leave nothing to be desired in perfection of detail. Speaking of it, the Chief of the Staff says:—"There will be six cars—the General's white, with red wheels. The journey includes stops for meetings at eighty-six places. The distance to be traveled is about two thousand miles—nearly seven hundred more than the last tour—and the time occupied will be forty days. The Sundays will be spent at Swindon, Keithley, Ayr, on the Northern journey, and at South Shields and Grimsby on the return route. I have placed the direction of the campaign in the hands of Colonel Eadie, who will be in absolute command under the General. Colonel Lawley and Major Cox will be in immediate attendance on the General. I hope to join him now and then, as the work elsewhere may permit. There will be a press car,

The First Death-Bed to Which I Was Called.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

I WAS but a young convert, but when the appeal reached me to go and visit a poor dying drunkard. I dare not resist it, although it took all the courage I could muster to face the task.

He had lived truly an awful life, had revelled in sin in its most debasing forms with unrestrained appetites and tastes, had wantonly ignored the claims of God and his own soul's immortal destiny. In a word, he had lived, and now was dying, "without Christ, without hope, and without God." Never shall I forget the sight which met my gaze as I looked upon him. Disease had made deep ravages, but the utter hopelessness written across his countenance, as well as his desperate cries that devils had already come to take possession of him, made such an impression upon my mind that memory cannot efface.

The scene is vividly before me even now. I knelt to pray, but although fearful, I poured

out my heart to God in earnest pleadings on his behalf, with all the energy and zeal I could command.

But the heavens were as brass. It seemed as if my petitions failed to reach the ear of God.

The very room was full of influences from the bottomless pit.

My prayer did not carry the dying man's penitence or faith.

Even whilst I was agonizing for him, he gave utterance to his hopelessness, and despite my entreaties, was powerless to cast himself upon God. He had sinned away his day of grace, and could not, in those dying moments command the gracious spirit of repentance and faith to return to him.

A few short hours after I left him death entered his chamber and his soul went to its eternal home, without a word to indicate that pardon or peace had come to him.

As of Judas, it might be said of him, "He went out, and it was night!"

which looks like being very crowded. We are full of hope that the whole effort may be useful, and that it may be even more blessed than the former tour in the salvation of souls and the cheering-up of all who love God and love the Army."

Last Year's Similar Campaign.

Last year's motor tour (in which our dear Commissioner took active part), lasted four weeks, and traversed 1,300 miles, covering an entirely different route.

It was glorious—triumphant, phenomenal for success and soul-saving, and called forth loud eulogiums from press and public throughout the country.

Yet the experience gained in that first effort of the kind was wisely stored, and has matured this year's plans and organization.

Nothing will be left to chance or hap-hazard. Since March Colonel Eadie has been busy with arrangements, under the supervision of the Chief of the Staff's master mind, and the prognostications all promise an eclipse of the past, for victory, blessing and fruitfulness.

Latest World-Wide Statistics.

Since last week's issue, the very latest returns have reached our desk, and show an increase on what we then reported. Ten thousand hallelujahs! The Army's flag now waves in 52 countries and colonies. Salvationists are proclaiming the Gospel in 30 languages; 18,556 officers and employees spend full time at business for eternity, while 44,188 local officers are reported, and 17,818 bandmen, whose voluntary service will be well paid in Heaven.

And Yet the Call Goes Forth for More.

Oh! that we could reach the ear of whole-souled, strong, robust men and women, whose time and strength is now being spent in pursuit of this world's gain!

Oh! that we could cause to pass before their vision the unparalleled opportunities of this twentieth century, and by comparison show them, from eternity's standpoint, how paltry and meagre and unprofitable are the best prospects this world offers, and how vast, blessed and enviable is the Heavenly-appointed role of being an ambassador for

Christ to countless millions of immortal souls, for whom He died, and who yet know next to nothing of what His sacrifice bought for them!

A Call for Foreign Service. The Commissioner wants to hear from you. Send in your names as volunteers for the great war. And you whose soul is stirred for the heathen in far-off lands, let the knowledge of the need rouse you from dilatory indecision, and apply at once.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

Immediately following the special farewell picnic to which the Commissioner has invited the Territorial Staff and city officers, Colonel Jacobs will board the cars destined to convey him to S.S. Victorian, by which he is sailing for the Old Land.

As this issue circulates he will be nearing his destination, and will be thankful for the earnest prayers of the Canadian Field for a double endowment of wisdom and insight as the General unfolds to him the great schemes which are destined to benefit thousands of men and women in future days.

The Colonel's fellow ocean traveler is Brigadier Howell, who is also visiting the International Headquarters on business affecting the increased stream of immigration expected for next year.

Canadian comrades will grieve to hear of the sorrow which has come to Adjutant Larder, of Portland, recently transferred from this Territory to the U. S. A. His little four-year-old son fell into a pan of scalding water, his injuries being so severe that he only survived a few hours. We pray for the Adjutant and Mrs. Larder in this sore bereavement.

RE-OPENING AT NIAGARA FALLS.

The people of Niagara Falls Centre were startled by the announcement "War was declared,"—that the Salvation Army were going to open fire in the Gospel Tent on the 29th. Everybody seemed pleased to see us. Prospects are high for us here—crowds and finances away above our expectations in spite of heavy rains. God is with us, and is very good. Sunday afternoon open-air at Drummondville; people there welcomed us. At night tent full. Adj. Habkirk's address moved many to tears. One man surrendered; many friends came forward. Hallelujah!—Mardall and Loder, C.O's.

Queensland's Royal Welcome to the General.

POWERFUL SPIRITUAL CAMPAIGN YIELDS ONE HUNDRED AND TEN SOULS—CORDIAL CABINET MEETING.

By Our Special Commissioner.

Each State in Australia is famous for some particular thing. West Australia is renowned for its gold; South Australia for its fruit; Victoria for its minerals and agriculture; and new South Wales for its wool. Queensland has, unfortunately, been distinguished for five or six years for its droughts and floods.

But there has been no drought in its enthusiasm for the Salvation Army. The General's journey from Sydney to Brisbane, which occupies twenty-seven hours—part of which was spent in the Government car kindly placed at his disposal—was through a storm of popular welcomes.

At Newcastle, Toowoomba, Warwick, and Ipswich the stations were temporarily besieged and captured by their respective mayors, aldermen, and the bulk of the people. The General was drawn by the magnetism of these calls from his car, through crowds vociferating their delight at seeing him again, on to specially-erected platforms, where scenes similar to those I have already described in New Zealand followed. The train was held up more than once to suit these interruptions without causing so much as a grunt from publican or sinner.

At the place where passengers take breakfast, a publican observed that the General was not in the company. Fearing lest he should lose his breakfast, this publican offered to lift one, pay the damage, and present it to the General.

The General thanked him, and was then introduced to a young man who—though there was no Army here—was looking forward to the time when he would become an officer!

On leaving the little wayside station, the General opened the envelope and found it contained a love-letter in the shape of a bank-note!

Brisbane

was reached about ten o'clock on Friday night. Some doubts were entertained as to the character of the reception the General would receive here, for for several weeks past the city has been in a state of affliction. Out of a population of 150,000, 100,000 have been registered as stricken with dengue fever.

This disease is very peculiar. It presents some of the worst forms of influenza, such as violent pains in the back and joints, weakness of the limbs, and general prostration.

The question of the advisability of the General including Brisbane in his itinerary was discussed while in New Zealand, when the assurances of a steady decline in the number under treatment caused the General's advisers to hold over a decision until Sydney was reached.

Here the General was strongly persuaded to abandon Brisbane. The Federal Premier publicly declared that his Ministry could not allow him to prosecute his political campaign there until the dengue fever had considerably abated. The New South Wales Premier (Mr. Carruthers) raised a similar warning.

These, and other facts, were submitted to the General at the last moment as a plea for leaving Brisbane out of the plan of battle. He would not, however, listen to it. "My duty takes me to Brisbane, and to Brisbane I'm going," he said.

How, then, would the city appear? That was a question the answer to which would, to a large extent, depend on the way the General was received.

Then, the State is undoubtedly in a bad way. A plentiful supply of rain has set in, and there is no question but that the next harvest will be good. But the drought has swept off hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep and horses, and consequently there are few mouths to partake of the feed.

Political unrest also must be reckoned as a disturbing factor. The Socialistic party is making a strenuous effort to gain complete ascendancy, and so capitalists are for the moment affrighted. So that with dengue, drought, political disturbance and debt, the people of Brisbane might be pardoned for wearing a look of melancholy, or at least viewing public demonstrations with a large measure of dislike.

But not so. Brisbane assembled in its thousands at ten o'clock at night, inside, outside and topside of the station, ready to make its arches ring with their shouts of pleasure over the General's defiance of advice. The two Mayors, followed by a score of aldermen and councillors, presented an address, pushing their way through crowd upon crowd to the entrance, and here in a ringing volley that sounded like a challenge to Sydney, the General was assured that Brisbane was determined to be at the front with its reception of our leader.

It was a magnificent tribute, and the General, speaking from the carriage of the Hon. Mr. Archibald, M.L.C., was manifestly moved by it. Brisbane had caught the General-fever!

Spiritual Trophies.

His engagements for next day (Saturday) until his departure for Tasmania, on Wednesday, included three salvation meetings, one soldiers', five meetings with the Staff and Field Officers, a public lecture, a conference with the Queensland Ministry over the luncheon table, and a similar function with the Acting-Governor.

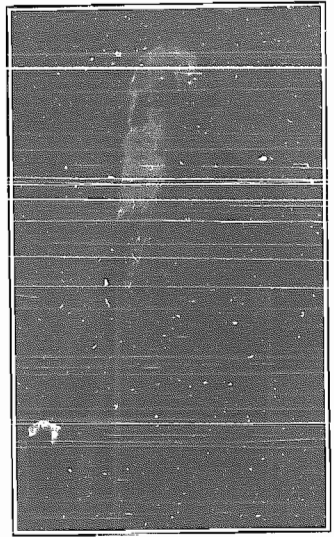
I should approach the monotonous if I were to describe the salvation meetings in detail. We aim at results, and the General judges his work by their number and their character. You can fancy what the latter resembled when I say that among the penitents was a Wesleyan minister, who cried at the penitent form with such vehemence as to shake the form and arrest the attention of the crowd to his agony of soul.

An ex-brothel-keeper, who has amassed a fortune by his vile traffic, made a series of confessions at the mercy seat. The total of those who passed through the registration-room was 110.

Cabinet Luncheon.

As to the luncheon at the Treasury with the Queensland Cabinet, it was a very homely, family sort of affair. The Queensland Government is a Coalition. One-third is Labor, the remainder Reform, with the Hon. Mr. Morgan, a self-made man, at the head as Premier.

Mr. Morgan, after lunch and a "crack,"



OUR BELOVED GENERAL.

as our Northern folks would describe the conversation at the table, introduced the General in a fine eulogy, saying that the Cabinet felt honored by the General's acceptance of their invitation. They had watched the evolution of the Salvation Army in Queensland with pleasure.

The General improved the occasion. He rose and, in the conversational key in which he shines, justified our acceptance of State support by setting out (1) the general benefit to the State through the Salvation Army, and (2) its potential power as an auxiliary for dealing with some of the chronic evils of modern life.

He touched upon emigration, for instance, on the transfer of population from congested countries to land that was crying out for labor. And the beauty of it was that no one winced—nay, rather they pricked their ears, as if expecting that the General would not shut out Australia from his horizon, as he has more than once hinted during this trip.

Fourteen years ago our leader's Over-Sea-Colony project was denounced by nearly all parties of the State, and he dropped his dream of unfolding in these favorable climes a scheme that would by this time have been the envy of the nations.

To-day, the scene is changed. The Federal Premier is at present stumping the country in favor of population coming from the Mother Country to take possession of Australia's unoccupied millions of acres; and Mr. Watson, the recognized leader of the Labor Party, was actually advocating the same policy in a town to the north of Brisbane while the General was in the act of addressing the Queensland Cabinet in favor of his Canadian Emigration Plans!

In the Exhibition.

The lecture ranked among the top events of the kind in this campaign. It was held in the Exhibition, which was gorged to the doors by an audience that comprehended the first-rank men in politics, commerce, and religion. The Hon. Mr. Blair, the Attorney General, presided, supported by mayors, doctors, and the Archdeacon, who represented the Bishop.

The General, by the skilful management of his subject, swept his audience with him. A pleasing feature of the gallery was the presence of the young girls from our Riverside Home.

There is nothing undignified in labor. It is only the loafer who loses his self-respect.

One cannot go to sleep ignorant and wake up wise. This applies also to our last sleep.



COLONEL LAWLEY, One of the General's Travelling Staff.

FIELD BULLETINS

ST. JOHN, N.B., DISTRICT NOTES.

After an absence of about two months, the special troupe returned to the city for a week's services, and spent the week-end at No. 1, led on by Colonel Sharp, assisted by the male H. Q. Staff.

The Sunday morning holiness meeting was especially interesting to those who love holiness. The Colonel was marvelously sustained by God. His address on "From whence hath the mighty fallen?" will certainly result in much good.

The afternoon and night meetings took a different form to the morning, yet they were equally as good in many ways. The special music, solos, duets, etc., were rendered in good style. Lieut. Emery, on the bass viol, plays a very important part in this troupe—he is an expert. Then there is Capt. Urquhart, who can almost make the fiddle talk. Capt. Ritchie, who, as someone said, was only "skin and bones," appears to have an everlasting throat for singing. Ensign Martin and Lieut. Sell, the two sweet singers, of course put all the harmony into the concern. What would we do without the lassie preachers and songsters? Four souls crowned the day's efforts.

Mrs. Colonel Sharp and her Sunshine Brigade, which is composed of nine female officers, viz.: Mrs. Major Phillips, Mrs. Adj. Thompson, Adj. Payne and Beckstead, Ensigns Wood and Sabine, Capt. Payne and Snow, did a splendid meeting at No. 11 on Thursday evening. Capt. Bruce and her Lieutenant showed their appreciation by preparing light refreshments at the quarters after the meeting. Our old friend, Mr. Tapley, paid the street car fare of the whole party, and came to "boot."

Friday evening the Brigade led a meeting at the Rescue Home. Mrs. Sharp dedicated seven babies to the Lord. Through the meeting tears flowed freely from the eyes of the inmates, who attended in a body. Quite a number already profess salvation. Mrs. Adj. Payne and her assistants are doing a good work here.

Christians claimed the Sunshine Brigade on Sunday. The crowds and finances were A. 1. and three souls came to God. Invitations to return are numerous.

Right upon this came the weekly united meeting, led by the Colonel, assisted by the H. Q. Staff and the musical troupe. There is no mistake but that this troupe can put on a good program, and carry it out ditto.

There was a great commotion on the platform when the Colonel called up Lieut. Jaynes, the officer in charge at the present time, to make the announcements as she thought, but promoted her to the rank of Captain instead.

No. V. comrades had a great rejoicing this week. Sunday one soul professed salvation, and on Tuesday three others, which caused a finishing-up with a war-whoop. On Wednesday five more souls claimed salvation from sin. The musical troupe also did a meeting here. Ensign Green and Lieut. Falle are feeling quite good over the victory.

The No. 11 portion of the city was stirred on Friday evening by the appearance of the troupe for their farewell meeting. May God bless them in their labors.

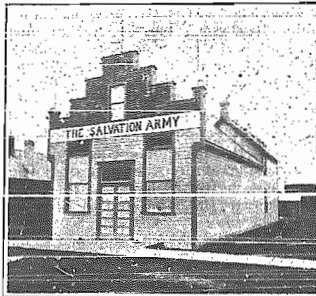
I must not forget to mention the kindness of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, who this week gave the city officers a very pleasant outing to Spruce Lake, including the officers composing the troupe and children of the city officers. We numbered nearly fifty. The picnic was a first class affair. We threw our work aside for one day and went in to enjoy the country air. Major and Mrs. Phillips assisted the Colonel and Mrs. Sharp in attending to the wants of the inner man at both dinner and tea; they took upon themselves the form of a servant, and appeared to be perfectly satisfied. Before leaving the field we passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the Colonel for his thoughtfulness towards his officers, and the Major thought that we may be all here under the Colonel next year.

The Metropole and Travelers' Home is still doing the work for which it was intended. We believe there is a great future for this institution.—Burning Bush.

GREAT TIMES AT LIPPINCOTT ST.

"Drunk" Charlie at the Drumhead—Powerful Conviction in the Meetings.

A rousing open-air service was held by this corps on Saturday night on Spadina Ave. From the start the songs and testimonies seemed to grip the crowd, and everyone felt that the truth was making a mark on the hearts of the people. During the testimonies a lady—a stranger to us all—stepped into the ring and gave a thrilling account of her conversion and present experience. She said the Holy Ghost had prompted her to testify in the Army open-air ring, and as her burning exhortations to sinners to get saved rang out one after another it drew a large crowd of people together, who listened earnestly and intently. Our sister waxed very enthusiastic. "Glory, glory, glory!" she shouted, and danced around the ring, shaking hands with everyone.



Army Barracks, Regina.

"That's right, sister," shouted the Adjutant, "go around and shake hands with all the people, and ask them to get saved." Meanwhile some of the soldiers had been pleading with a well-known character in the neighborhood, who had got into an awful condition through drink. He came and knelt at the drumhead, shaking from head to foot. For nearly half an hour the soldiers and officers prayed with him there, amid an ever-growing and interested crowd. Then he drew a flask of whiskey from his pocket and put it on the drum. Another strange lady now pressed through the crowd, and seizing the flask she held it up to the view of all the people, and then dashed it to the ground, exclaiming "Whiskey!" "That's the best thing to do with all of it," said several. A soldier of the corps took the poor fellow to the place where he lived and looked after him for a while. We trust God will snuff all his fetters and destroy the awful drink appetite in him.

On Sunday we had a day of victory. In the holiness meeting a comrade came to the penitent form to claim forgiveness for past neglect of duty and power to serve God whole-heartedly. "I have been building again the things that were destroyed," he said. "I'm going to serve God better in the future."

At the close of the evening meeting two souls came forward for salvation. Mrs. Knight had read the story of the Prodigal Son and given an earnest and tender address to the prodigals there, and much conviction was amongst the unconvinced.

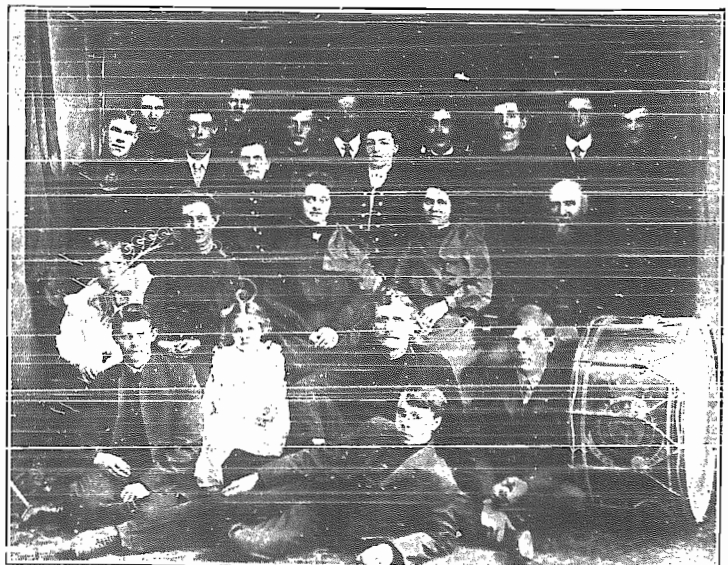
One man was there who had sworn never to enter an Army barracks. The Spirit of God was evidently striving with him, and he went out of the meeting, and then sent for one of the soldiers to come to his house. He promised to come to the next meeting and get right with God.

We are believing for greater things yet, and pray for a great awakening amongst the people here.

ARNOLD'S COVE. Since last report we have been having some splendid times. Two of our comrades and myself have just returned from Muskeg Harbor Arm, which is one of the outposts that belong to this corps. After a trip of about eight hours on the ocean, in what we call the fisherman's bally, we reached the desired spot, where the comrades received us with great kindness. Sunday was a blessed day to us; God's Spirit was richly outpoured. In the holiness meeting five souls came forward and sought the blessing of a clean heart. Right through the day God's Spirit was at work; sinners were convicted, yet would not yield. We are going to hold on to Him for greater times. While those comrades are not visited as often as we would like, owing to the difficulty of access, yet they are doing splendidly. A nice little barracks has been started, and we are all going to do our best to push it ahead. While our visit was only short, yet we secured four senior soldiers and three juniors, also a Candidate. We believe they are going to prove loyal and true to the principles of God and the Army. To God we give the glory.—V. Woodfrey, Lieut.

AURORA. We are glad to report that in our Four Sockers. Little corps at Aurora souls are being won for Jesus. Last week four souls sought and found the Saviour, and with the help of our soldiers, who are real blood-and-fire, godly soldiers, we are looking forward for greater victories won for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—Lieut. M. Davis.

BRANDON. On the occasion of the Feeding the Visitors. Orange celebration the Army was asked to feed a large number of people, so for days Adj. Byers was busy preparing for the feast, buying provisions, fixing up tables, and attending to matters pertaining to the dinner. At last the glorious twelfth arrived, and with it scores of people from all over the country, until some twelve thousand were estimated to be on the scene. From an early hour the comrades gathered at the fair grounds, where the tables were set, and from then until nearly 7 p.m. they worked like Trojans, laying tables, cutting bread, cooking potatoes, and attending to all the items of the dinner. It certainly was a sight to see the way in which they worked, denying themselves the pleasure of seeing old friends and renewing old acquaintances that the Kingdom might be advanced. Great praise is due to one and all for the noble way in which they stuck to the guns. In spite of having been on their feet so many hours, with but few exceptions they all turned out for a couple of rousing open-air, where the bright testimonies and earnest prayers brought cheer and hope to many a sad heart. We are forging ahead, and lately God has drawn graciously near to us, and quite a few have had a plunge in the fountain that cleanses from all sin.—So So.



Part of Regina Corps.

BURIN. Praise God, we can still report victory Five Souls. In our souls, and doing our very best Sunday night, to keep the old boat floating. Last Sunday night we had the joy of seeing five precious souls kneel at the mercy seat and claim pardon. Many others were under deep conviction. May God bless them and bring them to His fold. We have with us Capt. Sparks. He is a real blood-and-fire warrior, and we are believing for great things in the future.—Bertha Inkpen.

CLINTON. Sunday was our first week-Backslider Returns. and in Clinton. Things have been very low here for some time, but we are going in for victory. Sunday afternoon quite a crowd turned out, and in the evening God's presence was felt in our midst. One backslider claimed pardon. Praise God. We are looking forward to still greater things. Lord, send a revival again.—Yours for souls, Lieut. Garside.

CORNWALL. After a stay of twenty months A Good Send-Off. in our midst, Ensign and Mrs. Clark have farewelled. During their stay many friends were made, the Citadel was erected, a brass band organized, souls saved, and soldiers enrolled. On June 29th we met at the station to bid a final farewell to them. The knigh was accompanied to the station by the Mayor, who, as the train was approaching, read a farewell address, congratulating the Ensign on the good work done. As the train moved out the band played, "God be with you till we meet again." We wish them Godspeed in their new appointment.

DAUPHIN, Man. Just a line to let you know Berries or Salvation? God is with us and blessings are being outpoured upon us. To God be all the glory. The Blood-and-Fire Brigade arrived last Tuesday, and up till now nine souls have come to God and proved His saving and keeping power. One dear brother was going out to pick berries on Sunday, but his little girl asked him if he was going to church. He came and got gloriously saved. A dear sister, on being asked if she believed she was saved, replied, "I feel lighter." God can indeed take away the load of sin from the heart of the sinner. The Blood-and-Fire Brigade are all right. May the dear Lord bless them and use them, is the prayer of the—Kaffir Chief.

EDMONTON. It is some time since you Sinners Coming Home. heard from this part of the battlefield, but praise God the work is still going on. Souls are feeling the need of a Saviour, and seeking Him for pardon and mercy. We have had a visit from our chancellor, Staff-Capt. Taylor, of Winnipeg. His visit was profitable and his efforts were blessed by God and his last meeting crowned with four precious souls, and another young man gave his heart to God since. Our hearts are filled with joy and praise to see the sinners coming home. There are many still far from the fold, but we are praying and believing that we shall yet see them coming to the One who died for them. Our S.-D. target of \$160 was reached and \$100 given to the Rescue Work in Calgary. We expect to be farewelling from here soon, to our regret, but like good and loyal soldiers we will march on at our orders and take up our work in a new place. We feel so much cannot be said about the people of Edmonton, as we have loved to work among them. They have generous hearts towards our work, and know how to help a good work on. God bless them. You may hear from us again.—Francis Harris, Lieut.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND. We are still on the war Showers to Come. path, marching on to victory. We have had the joy of seeing five precious souls born into the Kingdom. We are believing for the showers to descend upon Gooseberry Island, and are very grateful for the droppings already experienced. Our motto is "Onward and Upward."—Lieut. Rose, for Capt. Salmonbury.

HANT'S HARBOR, Nfld. Since last report one Rejoices Over One. dear sister has been converted, and is able to give a bright testimony to the saving and keeping power of God. On Wednesday night we had Capt. White and Lieut. Shears with us. Capt. Foote has returned from council. We are very glad to have her with us again. We are still believing for victory.—S. P., for Capt. Foote.

HARBOR GRAPE, Nfld. We are having victory Well Repaid. right along. Though things are a bit dull, an account of most of our people having gone to the Labrador, yet we are doing our best. Yesterday (Sunday) was a blessed time to our souls. At the holiness meeting Capt. Cummings very clearly pointed out to one and all the awfulness of keeping back anything from God, and yet profess to be fully given up to His service. It was good spiritual talk, one which we believe was profitable to all. Again in the afternoon God came very near to us, both in the open-air and inside meetings. At night again the Captain's words, we believe, were directed by God to the hearts of many. Conviction was clearly seen stamped on many faces; the Holy Spirit was at work, and if one soul is worth ten thousand worlds, we were well repaid when two precious souls came boldly to the cross, and with tears of repentance gave themselves to God. May He keep them true, is our prayer.—Lieut. L. Canning.

HALIFAX II. After thirteen months' Farewell and Dedication. noble warfare, Ensign and Mrs. Allen and have farewelled. To any that we regret their departure is putting it very mildly indeed, for already the smiling face of Ensign Allen and the hearty handshake and "God bless you" of the Lieutenant are greatly missed. Mrs. Allen, although unable to attend the meetings as she would have liked to, was a blessing to many. On Monday, July 10th, we had a great united farewell rally, when Ensign and Mrs. Allen's baby boy, Daniel Frank, was dedicated to God and the Army. On the 12th the Ensign and family left to take charge of the North Sydney District, and Lieut. Grant to take charge of the Port Hood corps. Our best wishes go with them, and we pray that they will prove a blessing to others as they did to us. Our new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Smith, have already won our hearts and have entered into their new duties with a good spirit. May God bless them. Our motto is: "Onward, Forward, Upward." Look out for great times in the future.—Anything.

KINMOUNT, Ont. After seven months on this Farewell Sunday. field, I have received orders to farewelled. Since coming here God has wonderfully helped and blessed us. We have had ten souls, and enrolled seven recruits, secured three Corps-Cadets, commissioned three local officers, and got a Candidate for the field. Praise the Lord. Then we have painted and papered the quarters, and also painted the Norland barracks and put in two new doors at a cost of \$20. We scored a great victory in the S.-D., raising \$15 over last year. On June 30th we had a temperance meeting at Halliburton, which was a success. Proceeds \$18. We gave a dinner on July 12th, which was also a success; proceeds \$28. The next to come was the sweet singer, Capt. Jessie Russell. We were all looking forward to a wonderful time, and were not disappointed. The Captain arrived on the noon train, July 15th. After dinner we drove to Norland, where an ice cream social was a fine success. Everyone was delighted with the Captain's singing. On Sunday morning we drove to Bexley for the morning and afternoon meetings. Although it rained a little in the morning, and we had to take the school for our meeting, it cleared away fine after dinner. Then we went to Mr. Lowell's grove, where over 100 people assembled to hear the Captain. We drove back to Norland for our last salvation meeting, also my farewell. The barracks was filled to the doors. The Captain's singing brought tears to the eyes of the people, but no one yielded. Then we drove back to Kinmount for the final meeting, which was an ice cream social. We

had one soul and \$37 income for the week-end. To God be all the glory. We all say, "Cum again, Captain."—Capt. H. Hurd.

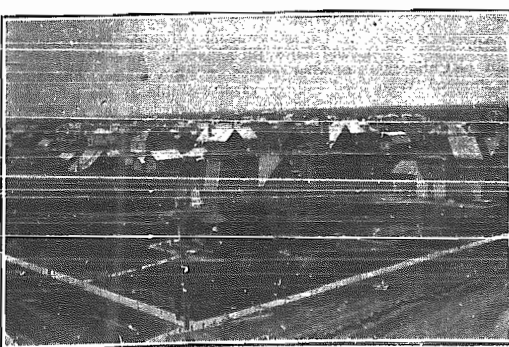
LAMALINE, Nfld. Since taking charge of this compo, two weeks ago, God has wonderfully blessed us. The Five Souls. first Sunday, from early morn till late at night, we fought the enemy and closed with two precious souls in the fountain. Then on Friday night one dear comrade came forward for the blessing of a clean heart. It was a stirring time, and God came near and blessed our souls. We prayed and held on to God to continue the outpouring of His Spirit, and, bless Him, He honored our faith. After a desperate fight all day two more got blessedly saved. We have a great many disadvantages to face and ask our comrades to remember us at the throne of grace, as we are pleading with God for a mighty revival. The soldiers are on fire and full of faith for a great smash in the enemy's ranks.—Geo. Collins, Capt.

LETHBRIDGE. Praise the Lord. We Visit from the Chancellor. are going on to victory. Two precious souls have decided for Christ since you heard from us last. We welcomed to our midst Brother Wilford, from Portage la Prairie, who has been saved for about two months. He has taken his stand for God and the Army. Staff-Capt. Taylor, our Chancellor, from Winnipeg, has paid us a visit for the week-end. He is a man of God, also an old warrior, having spent twenty or more as a Salvation Army officer. His meetings were full of power and blessing. No one surrendered, though several were convicted of their sins. Little Eva Taylor gave one of her action songs entitled, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." On Sunday night, to which the people listened with great eagerness. She is a good little girl, having given her heart to God about a year ago. She also takes great part in our junior meetings. I believe we shall win, for we fight in the strength of our King.—Lieut. Plester.

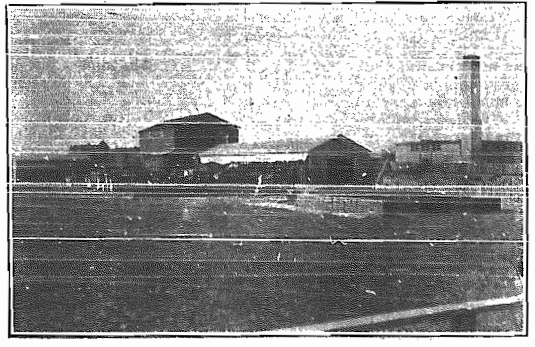
MEDICINE HAT. Still the troops of God are Four Souls. pressing on, although it is rather warm and God is blessing our efforts. Four souls have knelt at the mercy seat since last report. Staff-Capt. Taylor has just paid us a visit. Monday a hearty welcome was given to the Staff-Captain, and the sinner a chance to get saved, then we had ice cream and cake. Tuesday night the Captain led a good salvation meeting, and although none surrendered much good seed was sown.—Mayflower.

MORRISBURG, Ont. Our opening services this Re-Opened Well. week-end, at Morrisburg, were times long to be remembered. From Saturday night's open-air meeting until the last meeting on Sunday, God's Spirit was mightily felt. The business people and others have told us how pleased they are because the Army has returned. In Sunday night's meeting one young man came to the cross, and I believe will make a bright soldier. Many others were deeply convicted, and told the writer that they were not happy as they were, so we are believing for many victories in Morrisburg. Adj. Brimley, from Ohio, who is resting here, assisted us Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, and was enjoyed by all. Saturday and Sunday next we are having our worthy P. O. with us (Ensign Turner), so you can look out for a full report next week. Lieutenants and I are going in to win souls.—Edith A. Thornton, Capt.

NEW LISKEARD. Since you have last heard Father and Son Start Together. from us we have been getting on very nicely. We are glad to say the converts are getting really brave for the Master. Since opening the camp a number of precious souls have knelt at the mercy seat. Out of the number one poor man came and gave his heart to God in the open-air meeting, and then got his son to come to the barracks, and he also made a start for the Kingdom. We are glad to report they are getting on well. The people are very kind to us and show their appreciation by helping us in the offerings.—J. Daubreville, Capt., for J. McCann, Ensign.



Residential Section, Regina.



Regina Cement Works.

"REAL RESTORATIONS."

Australia's Splendid Network of Social and Uplifting Agencies

THE Australian Social Report for 1905 has been issued under the title "Real Restorations," and its subject matter in no sense belies the title. On the other hand, we must hasten to congratulate our Antipodean comrades upon the accomplishment of a thoroughly worthy and God-honoring year of work amongst the weak and unfortunate of both sexes.

The book gives the following statistics:

Prison Gate Homes.

Number of Homes, 6; total accommodation, 181; inmates at beginning of year, 123; admitted during year, 777; number of these ex-prisoners, 274; number passed out of Homes, 723; number unsatisfactory, 61; number at end of year, 177; number taken from jail to Home, 155; attendances of officers at police courts, 417; number admitted to Home from police court, 15; number sent to situations, 158; number sent to friends, 29; number left seeking for work, 400; number sent to other homes or to hospital, 27.

Men's Industrial Homes and Farms.

Number of Homes, 3; total accommodation, 88; inmates at beginning of year, 59; number received during year, 83; number from prison or police court, 4; number passed out of Homes, 70; number remaining at end of year, 72; number sent to situations, 8; number of deaths, 6.

Metropolises and Men's Shelters.

Number of Metropolises and Shelters, 8; total number of beds supplied, 396,208; number of beds supplied free, 6,633; total number of meals supplied, 365,796; number of meals supplied free, 22,290; number of men found employment, 77; number employed in Labor Yards, 1,333.

Rescue Homes.

Number of Homes, 16; total accommodation, 352; number of industries worked, 3; number of inmates at beginning of year, 244; number admitted during year, 750; number who have been in jail, 127; received from the streets, 183; number sent to friends, 219; number sent to situations, 229; number sent to other homes or hospitals, 50; number passed out of Homes, 701; number remaining at end of year, 293; number of meetings held, 1,457; number inmates professed salvation, 927; total attendances of officer at police court, 59; number of deaths, 5; number of infants in Homes at end of year, 40; number inmates unsatisfactory, 138.

Maternity Homes.

Number of Homes, 11; total accommodation, 254; number of industries worked, 3; number of inmates at beginning of year, 178; admitted during year, 530; number sent to friends, 233; number sent to situations, 226; number sent to hospitals or other homes, 477; average stay of inmates in Home (in weeks) 32; number at end of year, 192; number of meetings held in Homes, 1,000; number of inmates professed salvation, 439; number of infants in Homes at beginning of year, 128; number born or admitted, 382; number infants died, 69; number infants left Homes with mother, 249; number of infants in Homes at end of year, 161; number infants adopted, 31; number inmates unsatisfactory, 11.

Prison Gate Homes.

In every large centre of population in Australia the Army has fine, well-appointed institutions to receive any ex-prisoners who desire to come—irrespective of creed, class or color, and provide them with a haven of rest and an opportunity of finding their way back to honesty, purity and usefulness in life. They are to be found in the following localities: Abbotsford, Melbourne—acknowledged to be

the best P. G. B. Home in the world; Enmore, Sydney; Red Hill, Brisbane; Christchurch and Auckland, New Zealand; Adelaide South Australia; and Ballarat, Victoria.

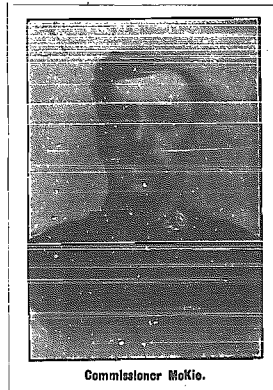
These Homes are run with two purposes in view—first the reclamation and restoration of the men, morally and socially; and second, to win them for God and righteousness, thus equipping them for life and death. Work has always been the auxiliary to prayer for all good purposes. It is so in this particular case, and thorough inspection of these institutions would convince any thoughtful mind that a noble effort was in continual force, elevating in principle, and accomplishing permanent blessing to the individual and nation.

RESCUE WORK.

A Checkered Career.

Australia has a strong work of rescue in progress among women of the street. We have room for just a sample case:

Mrs. M—— had been well brought up as a child; she was the daughter of a successful dentist in the Old Country. She married young, and lived most unhappily for several years. At last she was divorced from her husband and left England. Before leaving her home, she had lived a wicked life behind the scenes; then for years she was on the



Commissioner McKillop.

streets of one of the large Australian cities. But the Lord in His mindfulness stopped her wild career. She came in contact with one of the women officers, and was brought to the Rescue Home, weary and sick.

It was a difficult matter to make clear to her mind the way of salvation, but love and patience conquered, and to-day she is converted, and still a happy inmate of the Home, where she begs to be allowed to remain, and so be altogether removed from all temptations to her old life.

Reforming Children.

The kind of girl dealt with in the Children's Homes will be seen from the story of "Wandering Tottie."

Tottie Watson is a sturdy little maiden, not pretty, but intelligent-looking. Having a great desire for travel, she created somewhat of a sensation by taking inter-state trips on her own responsibility at the tender age of ten years.

If she were missing from home, Mrs. Watson would say indifferently, "Oh, Tot's gone on another trip!" And, as circumstances proved, Tot would be hidden on board a vessel bound for Sydney, or perhaps West Australia, knowing well that a scolding would be her only punishment, and that at the first port of call she would be put aboard a Melbourne-bound vessel, and have another trip home. Several such trips soon earned her the name

of "Wandering Tot," and at last the police, finding that Mrs. Watson was too fond of drink to exercise control over the girl, sent her to the Army.

She discussed her misdeeds with surprising coolness.

Little wonder that no one believed she would stay with us. But she has stayed, and to-day Tot is one of the best-behaved little maidens in the home, bound now for the Heavenly City.

Boys' Homes.

The work among the boys is no less effective. Several of the State Governments some time ago saw the necessity of the heart playing an important part in reformatory work. They decided to do away with the semi-jail system, and place the boys in smaller communities under the care of philanthropic and religious societies, granting a capitation fee to assist in the boys' maintenance, and retaining these semi-Government institutions under Government supervision.

It is under this system the Salvation Army began to deal with the criminal and neglected boy, and it has now at the following places fine institutions, fully-equipped, and in excellent working order:—Victoria: Three fine Homes at the foot of the Dandenong Ranges, known as Bayswater. Queensland: One at Riverview, a lovely spot at the junction of the Bremer and Brisbane Rivers; another on the crest of the far-famed Toowoomba Ranges. South Australia: One Home in the beautiful district of Mount Barker. West Australia: Two up-to-date establishments in the Collie River district.

From the first moment a boy enters any of these places, in seventy-five per cent. of the cases his evolution begins. The first salutation—"Glad to see you, my boy,"—has its effect. All the institutions are run on the same line. Intelligent and faithful officers are appointed, the refining influence of good women is a strong feature, and the beneficial effect of beautiful surroundings is recognized. But with all these features the work is slow and laborious, and requires wonderful tact, patience and perseverance. The boy has to be taught to work; this is done by systematic training, in all-round farm and dairy operations, at regular hours. He must have time to play; that is also provided in healthy games of cricket, etc., which are indulged in with zest and glee. He must in many cases be assisted with his education: so, for the elder boys, night school is held, and a library provided, while the smaller boys attend school five hours a day.

Then, more important still, the morals of the lad must be watched. Here comes in the opportunity for that personal, faithful dealing which no purely official system could provide, namely, heart-searching, personal advice, and pleading for clean habits, thus giving the officers a chance for the influence of soul over body.

Found in a Chicken-Coop.

"You Salvation Army folk like to help poor people, don't you?" said a gentleman to an officer at the Relief Enquiry Department. "If you want to do some good work, come with me."

The officer accompanied him through streets and lanes, till at last he opened a back gate of what seemed an empty house. They entered a dirty yard, a stable at the left, and a chicken run with a shed at the right. The gentleman opened the door of the latter, and to our officer's great surprise, there was a woman lying on a heap of old sacks. A box turned over answered the purpose of a table, and another box turned sideways did duty for the cupboard—but it was empty. The woman looked the picture of misery. Three or four children were also in this strange place. The story? "Oh," someone may say, "I could tell you the story without hearing it. Drink again!"

If that were true, we might do well to be careful in dispensing relief. But this family were altogether strangers to that home-destroying curse. Our officer thanked the guide, and at once brought the woman, with

her children (the husband was lying in the hospital) out of the chicken-coop.

The family was comfortable when the husband came out of the hospital. For a while he was convalescent, and the Army provided him with strengthening food, until he was well and able to do his work. In the gratefulness of this family the officers found their reward and happiness.

Army Nurses at Work.

The year that has passed has been an extremely busy one for the Samaritan Nurses. All classes of men, women and children, with almost all kinds of diseases, have been nursed. The hours of duty average about seventeen per day, and yet the nurses cannot nearly meet the demands made upon them by the sick.

During the year they nursed about 130 patients. Some were people of independent means; others were among the middle class, while others again were extremely poor, but



Mrs. McKie.

they had good success in their work, even amongst the poorest. The doctors will always attend the poor cases without a fee, and the tradespeople always kindly give provisions, medicines, etc., for them.

Homes for Old Men.

The Old Men's Work can safely be said to have passed the experimental stage—having become, during the past five years, a decidedly potent force in the Army's Social service.

It was not their privilege to stand at the threshold of the lives of those who are now tottering in old age to the grave in order to give a guiding hand at the outset; but the devoted workers, with gentle entreaty and loving ministrations, meet them at the closing doors in order to bless them with hope ere they pass hence. Such is the purpose of the Homes established at Pakenham, in Victoria, and Manly, in N. S. W.

As the institutions have become more widely known, they have increased in popularity, until in both cases they are almost invariably full. A number of the inmates are Old Age Pensioners, whilst the remainder comprises men of varying ages who for one reason and another have been placed in the Army's care.

International Notes.

Commissioner Railton, who, as our readers well know, is on his way to Japan, has, we are glad to say, arrived at Java all well. A cable from him says that things are progressing on the island, and that he was leaving for Hong Kong, his next port of call.

Lieut.-Colonel Duff is busily engaged on the Junior Company Orders for 1906, which will, we understand, be a considerable improvement on last year.

Brigadier William Howard, who was recently appointed to the Chief Secretaryship of the United Territories (France, Belgium and Italy), has been promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

Lieut.-Colonel Howard, as War Cry readers know, is the eldest son of Commissioner Howard, head of our International Training Work.

Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Birkenshaw, who is known as the Lawley of Australia, and who is Secretary for Training in that country, is on his way to England. He will spend some six months in London studying our present methods of Training, and will then return to Melbourne to continue his work. Colonel Birkenshaw served his apprenticeship under Commissioner McKie at the old Grecian and elsewhere. He comes out of Sheffield.

On the occasion of the opening of a new wing for epileptics at Lingfield, Princess Louise sent for Colonel Lamb, who was present, and, with the Duke of Argyle, listened to his explanation of the most recent phases of the Army's work in connection with emigration. At the close of the interview the Princess expressed her interest in the work, and her hope that the efforts of the Army in the direction of emigration would continue to prosper.

Lieut. Colonel Brengle has concluded his Swedish campaign. One thousand and thirty-six men and women have been at the penitential farm during his meetings for holiness and salvation.

On the line of route of the State procession in which Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden introduced his bride to the people of Stockholm, the city Salvationists were favored with a special place reserved for them. The Royal family bowed most graciously to the Salvationists.

News of the Week.

Russian Sorrows.

One hundred thousand mill operatives in Kostroma, Central Russia, have gone on strike, and the industries of the place are almost completely paralyzed.

Scotch Notes.

There was landed in Scotland the immense quantity of 7,947,828 cwts. of fish last year, the value of which was estimated at £2,231,102. The fisheries gave employment to 86,621 persons.

A cloud-burst in Lochaber and Invermarishon caused flooding which destroyed three miles of railway and washed away a police station, the policeman, his wife and daughter escaping with great difficulty. Hundreds of tons of stones were dashed against the house.

A Voice from Tibet.

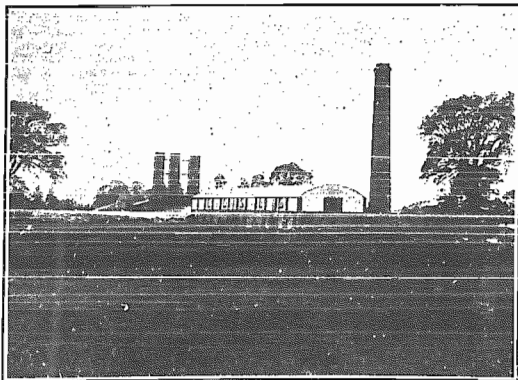
In the person of Miss Annie R. Taylor a notable missionary has just reached England from the Tibet borderland, where for several years she has been actively engaged in dispensing medicine and selling the Scriptures, besides holding meetings with inquirers whenever opportunity occurred.

Sorrowing Wales.

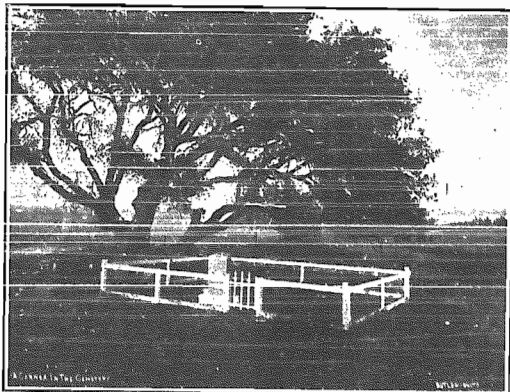
The lamentable explosion that took place in the Rhondda Valley, in which about 120 workers lost their lives, adds another catastrophe to the terrible list of colliery disasters in Wales. In less than forty years no fewer than eighteen disasters have taken place, with a total loss of 2,100 lives. At the time of writing no explanation as to the cause of the disaster is to hand. As a matter of fact the precise cause of colliery explosions is seldom ascertained, and science has not been able up to the present to say with exactitude in what conditions explosions may be anticipated. It is a terrible pity that man is so powerless to prevent these terrible losses of life. The Welsh collier is a splendid type of manhood. No dangers of fire-damp, deadly gases, or blazing fires can daunt him in the work of rescuing his fellows from death, or retrieving their bodies when the grim monster has completed his work. In the following graphic sentence a journalist describes the Rhondda on that terrible Tuesday night: "The Valley to-night, with its prolonged and dismal wailing and dirge-like cries in stricken homes, is a veritable valley of the shadow of death." Let all of our readers who know God pray that He may apply balm to the stricken wives and mothers bereft of children.

Tide of Immigration.

From Ottawa we learn that during the calendar year 1904 immigration into the North-West was 41,124, of whom 31,194 came from the United States. For five months to the end of May, 1905, the total immigration into the North-West was 29,596, of whom 14,728 were from the United States.



Brick Kilns at Fort Amity.



A Corner in the Colony Cemetery.

WAR CRY BOOMER REGIMENT

NOTES FOR BOOMERS.

From the lists before me I see West Ontario Province takes the lead in the month of June for the largest record of boomers.

East Ontario still leads the van for individual sales.

Nobody seems to covet the feather in P. S.-M. Mulcahy's cap, and we don't ours to him respectfully at the worthy total of 805 for the month.

Doubtless 1,000 is his goal, and we like four figures best. What has been can be again, etc.

Lieut. Thompson, of Belleville, was only ten behind. All honor to the yellow breed.

Mrs. Capt. Burton, of Guelph, is next on the list—750. Capital!—and a woman, too!

A sharp contest evidently will wage between the North-West and New Ontario Division, from the point of view of which can show the most boomers.

Capt. Baird, of Orillia, shows considerable pluck in disposing of 600, though Nanapan, Ottawa, Peterborough, Kingston, Woodstock, Chatham, Sarnia, Thorndale, Stratford, and London boomers are all some points ahead of him.

Sergt. Mrs. Moore, of Riverdale, disposed of 500, too. Good!

Creditable energy is displayed by Newfoundland boomers.

Susie Fynn, of St. John's I., comes out on top with 640.

It is quite a drop between that number and the next—320—by Capt. Mercer.

Of the largest increases, there isn't much to boast. Only Meaford goes up ten. Maybe some are on the lough. Let's hope they'll come back refreshed—to do better!

And then two extremists, East and West, have fallen with their records! What's the matter? What a Hustlers' Corner we shall have when everybody gets in on time!

Hip, hip, hurrah!

West Ontario Province.

112 Hustlers.

Mrs. Capt. Burton, Guelph	750
Lieut. Horwood, Woodstock	635
Mrs. Teft, Chatham	583
Lieut. Lezenby, Sarnia	560
Capt. McLeod, Thorndale	530
Mrs. Adjt. Snow, Stratford	518
Adj. Kendall, London	420
Ensign Jarvis, Ingersoll	415
Capt. Thomson, Palmerston	405
Patth Cooper, Brantford	400
Lieut. Setter, Brantford	400
Capt. Thompson, Galt	400
Lieut. Gilbank, Galt	400

350 and Over—Lieut. Harris, Aylmer; Sister McMath, Goderich; Capt. Richardson, Sarnia; Capt. Pattenden, Essex; Capt. Griffith, Paris; Sister Stratford, Stratford.

200 and Over—Capt. Horwood, Woodstock; Lieut. Askin, Bothwell; Capt. Hinsley, Lieut. McWilliams, Stratford; Mrs. Harding, Brantford; Adjt. Sims, Windsor.

250 and Over—Mrs. Capt. Cline-Smith, Leamington; Capt. Green, Ridgetown; Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Hespeler; Lieut. Morris, Goderich; Captain Boyd, Clinton; Lieut. Wainwright, Forest; Lieut. Duncan, Pearl Gascon, Kingsburg; Capt. Burton, Guelph; Rhoda Stead, Gertrude Kiff, Kingsville.

200 and Over—Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Windsor; Mrs. Capt. Kerwell, Listowel; Capt. Young, Clinton; Capt. Cline-Smith, Leamington; Capt. Woods, Hespeler; Mrs. Capt. Rock, Wingham; Sergt. Hodson, London; Lieut. Carter, Wallaceburg; Sister Cromb, Windsor; Staff-Capt. DesBrisay, Brantford; Sister Benn, Wallaceburg; Mrs. Ensign Hancock, Simcoe; Capt. Kitchen, Lieut. Cunningham, Wingham; Sister Myose, St. Thomas; Lieut. Brown, Lieut. Garside, Norwich.

150 and Over—Mrs. Blackwell, Petrolia; Lieut. Wakefield, Seaford; Lieut. Turner, Blenheim; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia; Mrs. Capt. Green, Ridgetown; Capt. Lighthourne, Seaford; Sergt-Major Cutting, Essex.

100 and Over—Capt. Sharpe, Hespeler; Mrs. Adjt. Blom, Chatham; Mrs. Adjt. Walker, St. Thomas; Bro. Cooper, London; Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock; Sister Hardy, St. Thomas; Sister Champkin, London; Lottie Thompson, Windsor; Capt. Matter, Goderich; Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, London; Sister James, Wallaceburg; Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia; Capt. Kerwell, Listowel; Annie Babcock, Brantford; Sister Dickens, London; Lieut. Robinson, Seaford; Mrs. Butts, London; Sister McQuinn, Blenheim.

50 and Over—Ensign Hancock, Simcoe; Sister Cable, Stratford; C.-C. Lydia Horwood, London; Sister Forbes, Simcoe; Eva Norman, Windsor; Myrtle Tyndall, Chatham; Capt. Pattenden, Windsor; Sister Dickson, St. Thomas; Ruth Green, Ridgetown; Sister Brabaw, Sister Moreland, Wallaceburg; Sergt. Mrs. Churchill, Petrolia; Cand. Proctor, Forest; Helena White, Stratford; Mrs. Geddings, Chatham; Sister Fleming, Clinton.

Below 50—J. S. S.-M. Smith, Aylmer; Sergt. Russell, London; Sister Hawkins, Sister Mallory, St.

Thomas; Sister Wilson, Father Fawcett, London; Ida Masterson, Flora Gilders, Hespeler; Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock; Mrs. Adjt. Bross, Chatham; Sergt. Ward, C.-C. Lillian Hargrave, London; Sister Mattie, Simcoe; Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Lester, Ingersoll; C.-C. Insley, Stratford; Tommy Thompson, Windsor.

East Ontario Province.

89 Hustlers.

P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal	905
Lieut. Thompson, Belleville	895
Capt. Heater, Nanapan	820
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	590
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	585
Capt. Oldford, Ottawa I.	540
Mrs. Adjt. Cameron, Kingston	502
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	500
Sergt-Major Raymo, Barre	445

350 and Over—Mrs. Ensign White, Barre; Mrs. Adjt. Jennings, Peterboro.

300 and Over—Capt. Chinnington, Kingston; Mrs. Ensign Crego, Smith's Falls; Capt. Lowrie, Gananouque; Capt. Hicks, Sherbrooke; Capt. Penfold, Quebec; Capt. Bushy, St. Johnsbury.

250 and Over—Lieut. Nelson, St. Johnsbury; Lieut. Meers, Brockville; Capt. O'Neil, Burlington; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Brockville; S.-M. Rogers, Montreal IV.

200 and Over—Maud McFadden, Ottawa I.; Lieut. Cole, Quebec; Lieut. Morris, Burlington; S.-M. Colley, Montreal I.; Mrs. Adjt. Orchard, Picton; Lottie Burchell, Ottawa; Sergt. Brown, Kingston.

150 and Over—Ensign Gammagdale, Port Hope; Ensign Randall, Gananouque; Annie Snyder, Smith's Falls; Clara Webber, Ottawa I.; Lieut. McFadden, Picton; Ensign Gammagdale, Trenton; Sergt. Russell, Montreal I.; P. S.-M. Webber, Montreal II.; Capt. Duncan, Lieut. Miller, Cornwall; Capt. O'Neil, Brockville; Capt. Allan, Capt. Osmond, Cobourg; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Mrs. Ensign Rose, Lieut. Salter, Pembroke; S.-M. Harbour, Ottawa I.

100 and Over—Eva Troutman, Aggie Kensea, Ottawa II.; Lieut. McFadden, Kingston; Ensign Crego, Smith's Falls; S.-M. Russell, Millbrook; Capt. Phillips, Cand. Greenfield, Port Hope; Treas. Halpeny, Smith's Falls; Capt. Adjt. Pembroke; Cadet Wales, Kemptville; Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Capt. Smith, Ottawa II.; Minnie Cole, Smith's Falls; Lieut. Meers, Capt. Lang, Cobourg; Eva Stevenson, Mrs. Gadd, Peterboro; Lieut. Cole, Odessa; Lieut. Morris, Sherbrooke; Sergt. Barber, Kingston; Capt. Allan, Lieut. Osmond, Newport; Capt. Thomson, Lieut. Towers, Capt. Legge, Deseronto; Ensign Clark, S.-M. Collins, Cornwall; Sec. Jewell, Picton; Dad Duquet, Trenton; Mrs. Staff-Capt. Moore, Mrs. Ensign Giham, Geo. Barrett, Montreal I.; Capt. Coy, Mrs. Capt. Coy, Sister Hillebr, Bro. Harvey, Montreal; Sergt. Thompson, Beaufort.

50 and Over—Lieut. Davis, Montreal IV.; Capt. Liddell, Lieut. Thomas, Trenton; Mrs. Pickering, Adjt. Cameron, Kingston.

Below 50—C.-C. Colborne, Montreal.

Training Home Province.

62 Hustlers.

Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverdale	500
P. S.-M. Edwards, Temple	444
Ensign Cornish, Dovercourt	440
C.-C. Gates, Montreal I.	439

300 and Over—Cadet Saxon, Lippincott; Sister Caddell, Orangeville; Sister Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.; 250 and Over—Cadet Marshall, Lippincott; Sister Walsh, Cadet Day, Cadet McLennan, Temple.

200 and Over—Sister Mrs. Phillips, Ligar St.; Sister Mrs. Bowers, Hamilton I.; Cadet Elliott, Temple; Capt. Capper, Oshawa; Lieut. Bowbrick, Uxbridge; Cadet Peterson, Yorkville; Sergt. Culver, Bowmanville.

150 and Over—Lieut. Boocock, Orangeville; Cadet Loder, Yorkville; Cadet Dingie, Temple; Cadet McRachern, Lippincott; Cadet Dawe, Sergt. Andrews, Temple; Capt. Stollker, Riverdale; Mrs. Adjt. Habkirk, Hamilton I.; Cadet Rowe, Parliament St.; Cadet Andrews, Riverdale; Cadet Muir, Temple; Cadet Dillatough, Cadet Cornelius, Parliament St.; Cadet Gibson, Cadet Glanville, Esther St.; Cand. M. Geddes, Riverdale; Cadet Weir, Lippincott; Cadet James, Temple; Cadet Wagh, Riverdale; Cadet Benli, Esther St.; Bro. Tuck, Ligar St.; Cadet Stubbs, Yorkville.

100 and Over—Cadet Winchester, Yorkville; Cadet Wright, Esther St.; Cadet McCaffrey, Parliament St.; Adjt. Habkirk, Hamilton I.; Cadet Church, Lippincott; Sister Millard, Lippincott; Cadet Herrinton, Lippincott; Cadet Horton, Yorkville; Sister Mrs. Cornelius, Esther St.; Adjt. Scott, Cadet Skickels, Bowmanville; Cadet Peilly, Parliament St.; Cadet Whittier, Temple; Cadet Heron, Cadet Coulthard, Cadet Peacock, Parliament St.

50 and Over—Ethel Milligan, Hamilton I.; Sergt. Wingate, Temple; Capt. Meader, Brampton; Cadet Irwin, Temple; Cadet Turner, Lippincott; Captain Gates, Uxbridge.

North-West Province.

38 Hustlers.

150 and Over—Lieut. Norman, Winnipeg; Lieut. Pearce, Fort William.	
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100 and Over—Lieut. Leadman, Prince Albert; Lieut. Johnson, Regina.

50 and Over—Lieut. Penny, Medicine Hat; Lieut. Bryon, Moore Jaw; Mrs. Captain Forsberg, Port Arthur; Sister Walsh, Winnipeg; Adjt. Myers, Brandon; Lieut. Harris, Edmonton; Sergt. Williams, Sergt. Halford, Mrs. Chapman, Winnipeg; Ensign Charles, Edmonton; Sister Harrison, Calgary.

Below 50—Ensign Kahn, Calgary; Sergt. Adams, Winnipeg; Uncle Dean, Neepawa; Sister Halmer, Winnipeg; Lieut. Keeler, Selkirk; Capt. Hall, Lieut. Oake, Carman; Capt. Irwin, Lieut. Griffiths, Kenora; C.-C. Baker, Calgary; Lieut. Smith, Carberry; Mrs. Staff-Captain Ayre, Calgary; Capt. Taylor, Lieut. Plester, Lethbridge; Capt. Forsberg, Port Arthur; George Copeland, Brandon; Sergt. Wingate, Bro. Knowles, Winnipeg; Lieut. Davey, Lieut. Clamen, Dauphin; Capt. Bristow, Brandon; Brother Friday, Moore Jaw.

New Ontario Division.

36 Hustlers.

Capt. Baird, Orillia	500
P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville	450
300 and Over—Capt. Oke, North Bay; Sergeant Myles, Barrie; Mrs. Staff-Capt. McAmmond, Bracebridge.	

200 and Over—Lieut. Meeks, North Bay; Ensign McCann, Capt. Daubreville, Soo, Ont.; Capt. Jordan, Gore Bay.

150 and Over—Capt. Wadge, Burk's Falls; Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Capt. Calvert, Penelon Falls; C.-C. Elkanor Orr, Gore Bay; Lieut. Brusa, Parry Sound.

100 and Over—Mrs. Adjt. Hyde, Barrie; Captain New, Onemee; Adjt. Newman, Barrie; Capt. Hud, Kinnmount; Sister Herleyke, Barrie; Mrs. Ellsworth, Staff-Capt. McAmmond, Bracebridge.

50 and Over—P. S.-M. Heard, Kinnmount; Sergt. Carly, Onemee; Bro. Chamberlain, Bracebridge.

Below 50—Sergt. Bowlin, Kinnmount; Sister Mrs. Calback, Soo, Mich.; Sergt. Fullbrook, Barrie; Adjt. Parsons, Soo, Mich.; Capt. Russell, Penelon Falls; Bro. W. H. Thompson, Bro. Burdon, Mrs. Adjt. Parsons, Sergt. McNerny, Soo, Mich.

Newfoundland Province.

23 Hustlers.

Susie Fynn, St. John's I.	640
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300 and Over—Capt. Mercer, St. John's I.

200 and Over—Cadet Keepen, St. John's I.; Sergt. Mrs. Sparks, Bay Roberts.

150 and Over—Capt. Harding, Harbor Grace; Capt. Noel, Port au Cap; Sister Joynter White, Capt. Tuck, Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.

100 and Over—Lieut. Canning, Harbor Grace; Louise Osmond, Greenspond; Lieut. Spencer, Cad. Ridout, St. John's III.

50 and Over—Sergt-Major Vincent, Newtown; Capt. Nosworthy, Burn's; J. J. Hickman, Betha Oupen, Elsie Thorn, Lieut. Bryenton, Grand Bank; Mrs. Adjt. Hisecock, Greenspond; J. S. S.-M. Seabright, Sergt. Mrs. Lewis, Botwoodville; Lieut. Howell, Channell, John Feltham, Gumbo; J. S.-M. Grew, Arnold's Cove; Sergt. Whitten, Sergt. Earl, St. John's I.; Sergt-Major Fisher, Bonavista.

Klondike.

2 Hustlers.

100 and Over—Sirs, Adjt. Cummins, Dawson.	
Below 50—Capt. Adams, Dawson.	

CORPS REPORTS

(Continued.)

MONTREAL IV. Desperation was stamped "The Devil in a Box" upon every face during the week-end meetings.

previous week-end had only whetted our appetites. Saturday night, open-air, was the best yet. Sunday morning knee-drill was the largest since the opening, and at night the barracks was simply gorged. "The devil in a box" took hold fine. Sergt-Major Rogers, Corps-Cadet Rogers, Bro. Buckley, Treasurer Mrs. Short, Sister Whalley, and Corps-Cadet Collinson each handled their subject with great power. Over fifty people could not gain admittance; a policeman had to keep them away from the door, so that the crowd would not get too thick. Ensign Arthur Sheard sang a new solo, "Fallen by the Wayside." Look out for next week—the Ensign is to preach with a whiskey barrel tied around his neck, and is to appear in a drunkard's garb. Seven souls last week, and two souls so far this week—Davis, for Sheard.

NORTH SYDNEY. Sunday we had a grand time. Good Fighting.

It might very well be called a real, live, hallooing bazaar, from early morning, when Miss. Moore led the way to a money meeting, till late at night. Capt. Chaslet, a daughter of one of the heroes of this corps, led the third o'clock meeting. She fired some of the straight-forward Gospel truths straight from the altar. All were delighted to see her making such a desperate effort for the uplifting of fallen humanity. The Ensign was on the bridge himself at night, and dwelt very forcibly on the occasion when one of the angels said to Mary, "Woman, why weepest thou? Behold from now on, all that thou desirest shall be thine. But when she heard that one word, "Mary," that God, all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of taking to a gardener, she was taking with Him who rules both heaven and earth. Ensign, Mrs. Allen and all the family are delighted with the good people of this town. Collections good, both at the open-air and inside meeting.—Treas.

OTTAWA I. On the evening of July 12th Brigadier Turner paid us another pleasant visit. As usual, he was gladly welcomed, and led forth the forces at No. II. Some practical work was done for the advancement of the work there. No. I. brass band, officers and soldiers united for the occasion. The following evening Brigadier Turner officiated at No. I. Citadel, and No. II. officers and soldiers paid a return visit. After a few words from the different officers, among which was our old comrade, Capt. L. Omond, who sang a solo, and the brand new Sergeant-Major of No. II. corps, Bro. Drew, gave a stirring and lively address on true friendship with God. Ensign and Mrs. Rose took a prominent part in the meeting. Brigadier gave a masterly discourse on "Time is short," showing that in various ways we can make restitution for the past failures, but never for misspent time, and urged all to make the best of the present and serve God. At the close of the service ice cream was served, and a pleasant time was spent ere we said good-bye to our Provincial Chief. Adj. Wakefield has made some re-arrangements concerning the meetings, whereby a special open-air service is held on Wednesday, and holiness meeting on Friday evenings. Sunday, July 15th, was a very blessed season of refreshing to our souls. United with us on this occasion were Capt. Mabel Webber and Wood, of Montreal, also Capt. L. Omond. They are old associates of this corps, and we rejoiced to meet them again. They helped to make the meetings lively and bright with salvation songs and stirring testimonies of God's saving and keeping power. Capt. Webber sang some touching solos, which were well received, and he exhorted sinners, and with bright salutation by the other officers assisted nobly in proclaiming the good news of pardon through the blood. The Adjutant has taken special subjects for Sunday services, which are very instructive and helpful to saint and sinner, as they make things clear and plain to understand. For holiness, I. a.m., it was "Mind's sight," and evening, 8 p.m., "Power of love." At the latter service Band-Secretary James Copping and Sister Edith Allen farrowelled, the former going to Winnipeg, Man., and the latter to Montreal, Que. We are sorry to lose them, but wish them success. Ensign Edwards, T.F.S., on Monday evening gave a very beautiful, and yet sympathetic, lantern service, in two sections, entitled "Fruitful Wife Wins," and "Close your own door," with various other views, and on the following evening gave a lecture on the "Painted Lady."

PEMBROKE, Ont. Since last report we Three Backsliders Return. have been going on to victory. Praise God. He is able to answer prayer, and does all things well. Our open-air are very well attended, and the crowds seem to be interested. On Sunday, July 23rd, in the holiness meeting we had the joy of seeing a soul kneel at the cross for the cleansing power. Praise God. On Sunday night the Holy Spirit worked, the soldiers took hold of God in earnest prayer, and He did answer prayer. At the close we saw three backsliders kneeling at the cross crying to God for mercy. We are in for victory. May God bless us.—Yours, L. W. G.

PETERBORO. Last Saturday and Sunday of Ensign Owen. day we were favored with a visit from Ensign Owen, from T. H. Q. The Ensign is a particular friend of the Peterboro people, who are always pleased to see him. The meetings were times of blessing to all. On Sunday morning, at the holiness meeting God's Spirit was especially felt. Two claimed the blessing of a clean heart, whilst others were under conviction, some rising to their feet to be prayed for. At the morning J. S. salvation meeting two children sought salvation and found the children's Saviour. Praise God. At night the Ensign was wonderfully blessed of God, and he handled the meeting in his usual able manner. We rejoiced over two in the fountain, making a total of six souls for the day. Glory be to God. Capt. Lang also farwell'd for the N. W. T. The band forming one brigade, and the sisters and brothers the other, are a great success in the open-air, permitting us to reach more people, and we believe a good work will be done thereby. Come again soon, Ensign.—Jabez.

ST. JOHN'S I. The Spirit of the Lord is A Sister Surrenders, still at work in this part of the battlement. Sunday we started at 7 a.m., praying for God to pour out His Spirit upon the people. The holiness and afternoon meetings were good times, but the meeting at night crowned them all. Some people seem to have a good understanding of God's Word, but Adj. Williams has a double portion. Oh, how that crowd of people sat and listened for thirty minutes as he dealt out the message of truth. Soldiers and converts, and one sinner (a sister-in-law of our late drummer) found pardon.—Recorder.

800, Mich. On Dec. 2nd, 1894, we welcomed to our midst Adjutant Parsons and wife. Last Thursday we bade them farewell. During their administration they had the pleasure of seeing some noteworthy conversions. (Of course, all conversions are noteworthy.) But the Adjutant of three. One, a man and his wife; another, a woman snatched as it were a brand from the burning, for the demon drink had her a slave, and for the past six weeks she has dared to take her stand and tell of that wonder-working power which knows no creed or form, but stands the storm. The fight here was hard, but they were victorious. The Adjutant himself was a man who dared to do right for Christ's sake. He was always ready to go here and there at the call of distress. It was by the grace of God that he fought, and his only weapon was Gospel truth. He taught his soldiers that God would be with them individually as well as collectively. He taught the people that though they might be in the full glare of the electric light, or in broad day, they could, like Nicodemus of old, be alone with the Saviour. He was also a man whose heart was full of charity, a love for all, speaking ill of no man or woman—truly a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. My prayer is that God be with him and his dear wife till we meet again. On Saturday night we welcomed to our midst Capt. Wadsworth. The Adjutant, in his body, the Captain and I went the rounds of the saloons selling War Crys, and the Captain was surprised by the friendly feeling the people had for the Army and its work. I might say that those who are against us in the city can be counted on your finger ends. All classes of people believe in us.—W. H. Thompson.

WABANA MINES, Bell Island. We have been honored with a visit from Major and Mrs. Creighton to the Front. Mrs. Creighton spoke beautifully to us on Saturday night, and her holiness address on Sunday morning was something worth listening to. One could sit and drink in every word joyfully. The afternoon meeting was O. K. Everyone seemed to be happy. At night we had a good time. Major delighted us with some good singing and music from the gutter. His graceful address was very suitable. God bless Major and Mrs. Creighton for their kindness in coming over to help and encourage us. Two souls for sanctification and two wanderers Sunday night.—T. M. W.

WESTVILLE, N.S. "The Joy of the Lord Welcomes Their New D.O. is your strength," said the patriarch of old, and we have proved it so. Our worthy officer, Ensign Miller, has said farewell after a successful stay of nine months, but by request is holding on for a short time till Capt. Taylor, her successor, comes. Ensign Miller can rejoice during her stay here over a number brought into the fold. Sunday last Ensign Fleming led the meetings, assisted by Ensign McEachern (resting). At the holiness meeting: two young men came forward for the blessing of a clean heart. The meetings for the week-end were well attended. On Monday night a united welcome meeting to our new D.O. was held in Scituate, where Capt. Hobb holds forth. Serpt-Major and Mrs. McEwan and a number of the younger disciples from here attended. Adj. and Mrs. Cooper left a good impression, and will be well received on their visit to Westville. The famous salvation band of this corps, under the able leadership of Bandmaster W. Henderson, supplied the music, by request, at the Y. M. C. A. picnic held at McNaughton Grove, King Solomon in all his glory beheld not the sight of our band boys in their new uniform, made by Headquarters at St. John. We regret to say that Ensign S. McDonald, who has been home for some time resting, is very sick. His many comrades and friends will regret this much, as he is an old and faithful officer, widely known in the east. Pray for his healing. 2 Tim. II. 15.

YORKVILLE. Last Sunday was welcome Sunday. News day at Yorkville, when we extended a cordial welcome to Capt. Wear and Lieut. Heron, our new commanding officers. We had a good day. Our open-air were good, our crowds thronged us. To our expectations considering the intense heat. Best of all, our Heavenly Father was with us and blessed us. At night our forces were strengthened by Lieut. Peacock, of T. H. Q. Methinks by the expression on the faces of all present that our new officers have made a very favorable impression upon them, and that the people are convinced from their first appearance upon the platform at Yorkville that they have come there for no other purpose than to do God's will, and this was very marked during the Captain's talk, from Job x. 14: "If I sin, then thou markest me," when many were made satisfied that the marks they bear are caused by sin, rather than from doing God's will, and although now surrounded by the appearance of His mark of reconciliation and pardon, we believe much good was done, and that by-and-by we shall read if we faint not.—J. E. Jarvis, Sec.

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Songs for the Week

MERCY STILL.

Tune.—N.B.B. 80.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not listen to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand fails.

Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the Throne of Grace.

Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood,
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands!
God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

HOLINESS SONG.

Tunes.—The Cross Now Covers (N.B.B. 112); Thou
Shepherd of Israel (N.B.B. 111).

- 2 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

Chorus.

The cross now covers my sins.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggling,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

THE BATTLE CRY.

Tune.—N.B.B. 251.

- 3 Soldier, rouse thee, war is raging,
God and fiends are battle waging,
Every ransomed power engaging,
Break the tempter's spell,
Dare ye still lie fondly dreaming,
Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming,
While the multitudes are streaming
Downwards into hell?

Chorus.

Through the world resounding,
Let the Gospel, sounding,
Summon all at Jesus' call,
His glorious cross surrounding,
Sons of God earth's triflings leaving,
Be not faithless, but believing,
To your conquering Captain cleaving,
Forward to the fight.

Lord, we come, and from Thee never
Self, nor earth, our hearts shall sever;
Thine entirely, thine forever,

We will fight and die,
To a world of rebels dying,
Heaven and hell and God defying,
Everywhere we'll still be crying,
"Will ye perish—why?"

Hark! I hear the warriors shouting,
Now the hosts of hell we're routing;
Courage onward! never doubting,

We shall win the day,
See the foe before us falling,
Simultaneous the Saviour calling,
Throwing off the bondage galling—
Join our glad array.

MY FATHER, GOD.

Tune.—Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

- 4 Though storm-clouds tear the angry sky,
And though storm-seas roll mountains high,
No waves or storms my soul o'erwhelm,
My Father, God, is at the helm.

Chorus.

My Father, God, is at the helm,
My Father, God, is at the helm,
No waves, no storms can me o'erwhelm,
My Father, God, is at the helm.

My nature shrinks beneath the storm,
For I am helpless as a worm;
My God has told me not to fear,
He's at the helm, He's always near.

He'll lead me safe across the bar,
Though devils would be my progress mar,
He'll guide where waves and storm shall cease,
Into the haven of eternal peace.

A PRAYER FOR ALL.

- 5 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
Thou, a precious fountain;
Free to all, a healing stream
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

Near the cross, O Lamb of God!
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadows o'er me.

A CALL TO PRAISE.

Tune.—Darwell's (N.B.B. 77).

- 6 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

Jesus, transpiring sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

Oh, for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Tune.—Not now, but in the Coming Years.

- 7 I once was sunk so deep in sin
I'd lost all hope of God and heaven;
No peace, but misery within,
And to despair at last was driven.
Lost were the charms of life to me,
I craved for rest, dead wished to be;
But in that hour of dark despair
I seemed to hear my mother's prayer.

It was not always so with me,
I did not always live in sin,
I learned to pray at mother's knee—
Ah, then my heart was pure and clean.
But as I grew I lost my hold
On God, and wandered into sin.
For earthly joys my soul I sold,
But ne'er would fill that void within.

That vision of my mother's prayer:
To God, to save her darling boy,
And bring me to His fold again,
To be her comfort and her joy;
To follow me, it made me think
Of days and scenes of long ago.
I came, compelled by mother's prayer,
And plunged beneath the crimson flow.

Bless God, I know my past's forgiven;
My heart's made clean through Jesus' blood;
I know I'll meet my mother in heaven,
For I am serving now her God.
And He has promised to sustain
And daily help me in the fight;
The victor's crown I mean to gain.
Till then, Lord Jesus, keep me right.

Frederick Dannhøwer,
Drummer, Lippincott.

COMING EVENTS.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Poole.—Listowel, Aug. 11, 12, 13; Palmerston, Aug. 14, 15; Guelph, Aug. 16, 17; Hespeier, Aug. 18; Galt, Aug. 19, 20, 21; Paris, Aug. 22; Brantford, Aug. 23, 24; Tillsonburg, Aug. 25; S. mees, Aug. 26, 27; Norwich, Aug. 28, 29; Woodstock, Aug. 30, 31; Ingersoll, Sept. 1, 2, 3; London, Sept. 4.

Ensign Campbell.—Whitney Pier, August 11, 13; Inverness, August 15; Port Hope, August 16; New Glasgow, August 17; Stellarton, August 18; Westville, Aug. 19, 20; Charlottetown, Aug. 22; Summerside, Aug. 23; Moncton, Aug. 24; Londonderry, Aug. 26, 27; Parrsboro, Aug. 28; Springhill, Aug. 29; Amherst, Aug. 30; Sackville, Aug. 31; Hillsboro, Sept. 2; Sussex, Sept. 3, 4; Campbellton, Sept. 6; Newcastlo, Sept. 7; Chatham, Sept. 8.

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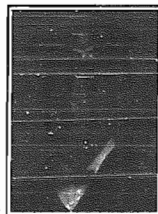
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Second Insertion.

4973. BOWRON, WILLIE. Age 24, height 5ft. 5in., black hair, blue eyes. Last known address, Wabnapitae. Missing about seven months. Last employer, Hall & Graves.

4955. STEWART, ROBERT. Height 5ft. 5in., age 37. Was in Duluth about eight years ago. Supposed to have left there for the Yukon. Brother enquires.

4986. ARMIT, ANN GREIG (or Hay). Age 14, complexion dark, black eyes, black hair, height 5ft. 5in., rather stout, has very long arms, and has a lancet mark under left jaw, native of Fife.



4977. DESMOND, FREDERICK, age 19, restaurant waiter. May be acting in a theatre. Last known address, Calgary.

4987. TURNER, ROBERT. Age 52, ship's cook, complexion fresh, fair hair, rather stout, native of Grimsby, England. Left on 15th of June, 1904. Speaks of going to Winnipeg.

4988. SMITH, THOMAS. Age 19, dark brown hair, fair complexion, slight turn in the right eye, missing about six years. Last known address, Canby, Que.

4989. CHANDLER, EDWARD, of Cherrifield, N.B. Very tall (over 6ft.), slightly lame, sandy complexion. Trouble about some property.

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Montreal Women's Shelter, 694 St. Antoine St.
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St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.
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Vancouver, B.C., 1324 Pender St.

Note.—No person should be sent to any home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Editor.